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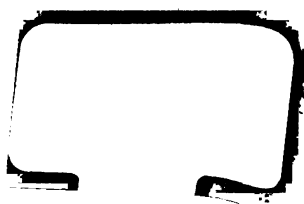
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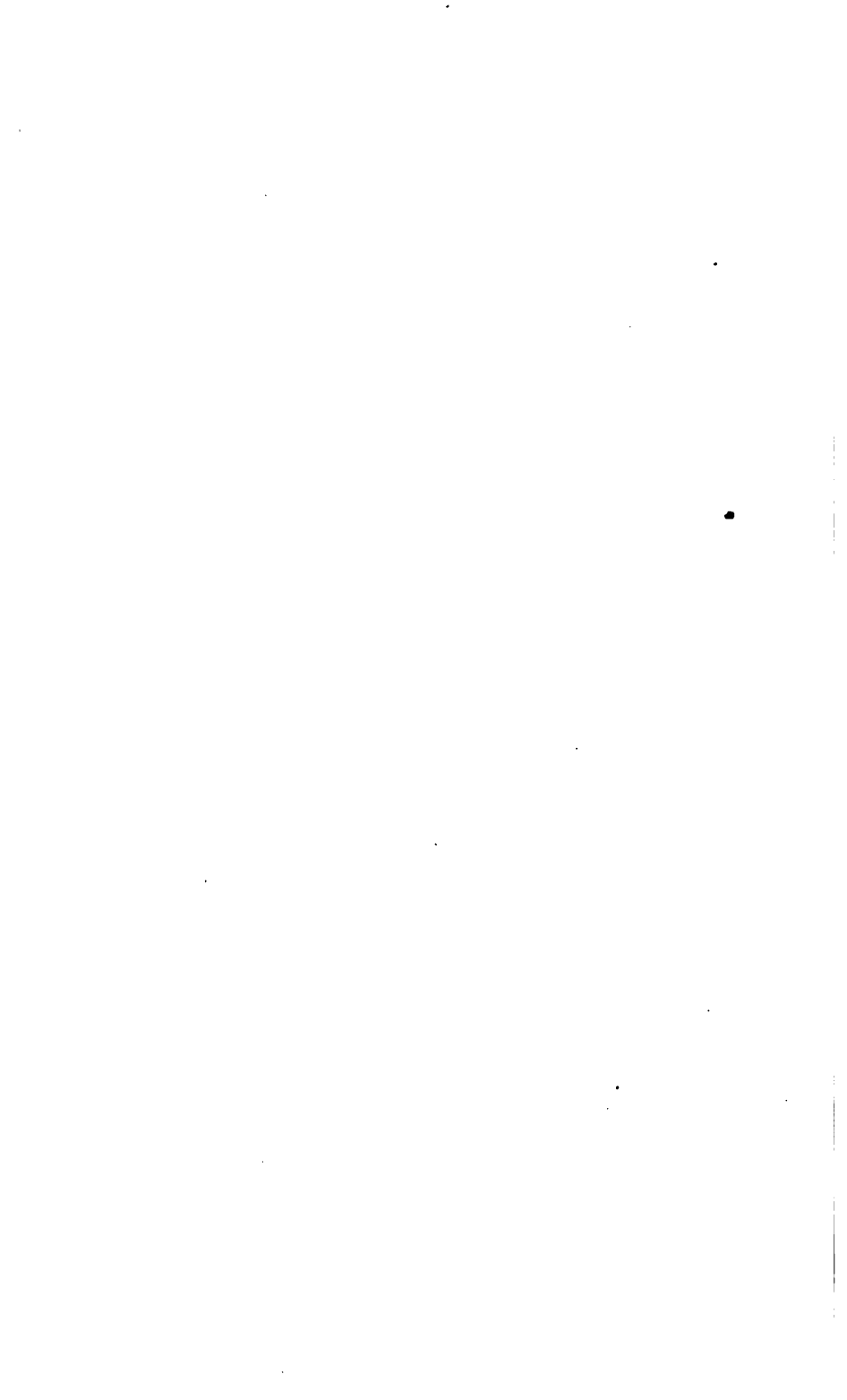
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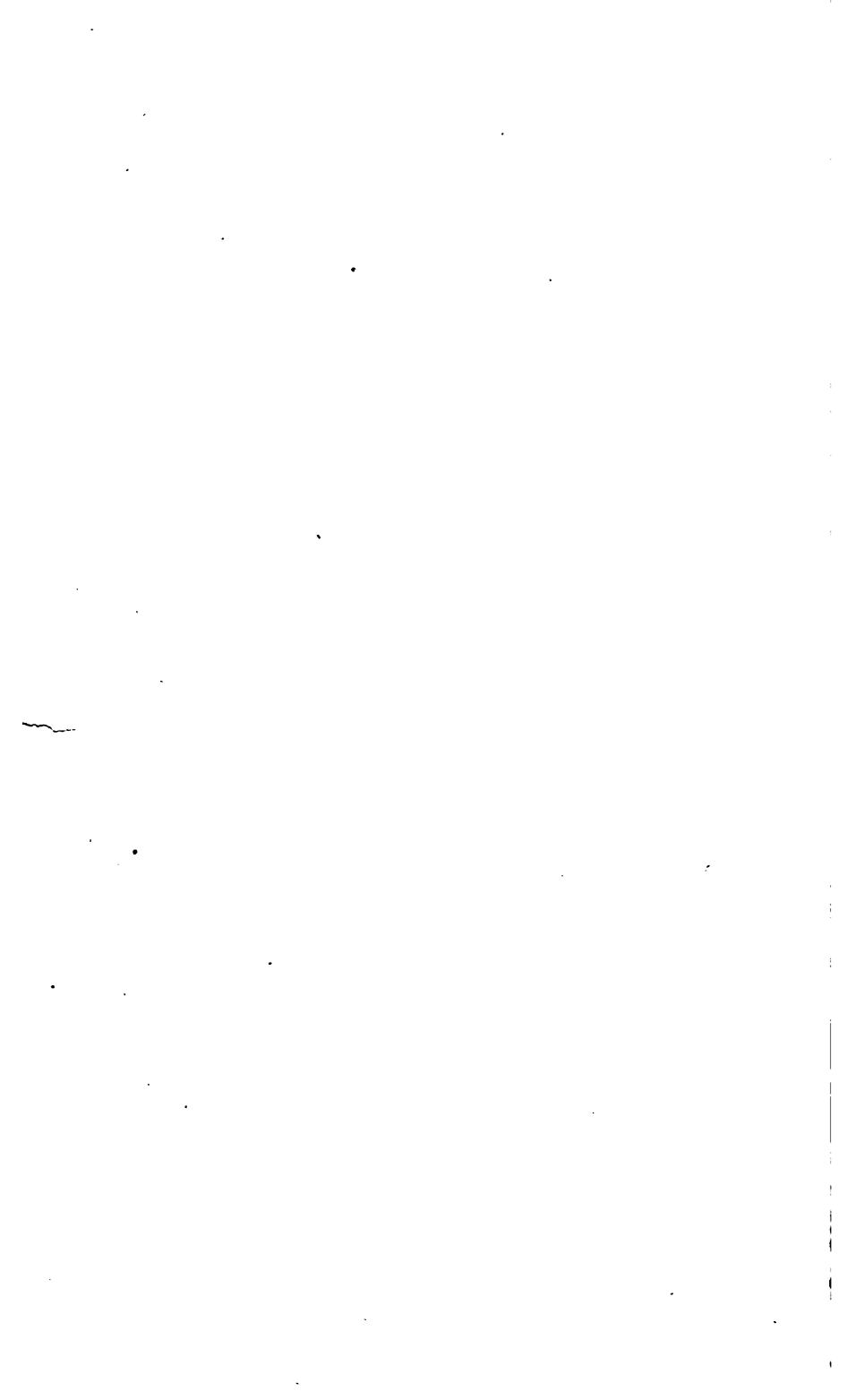


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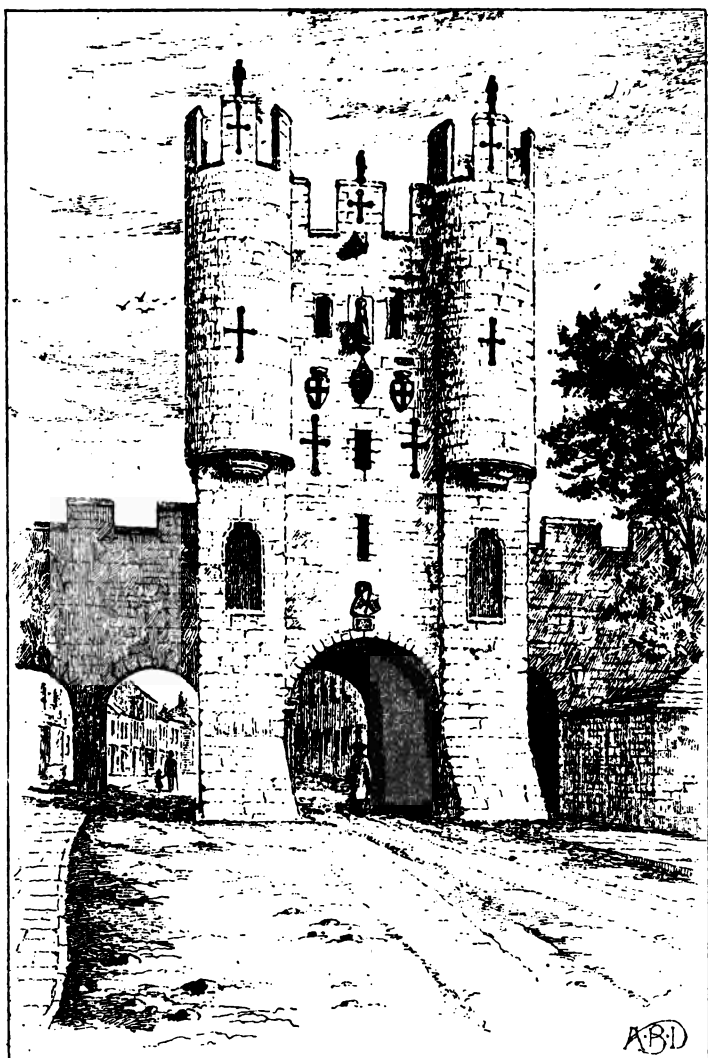
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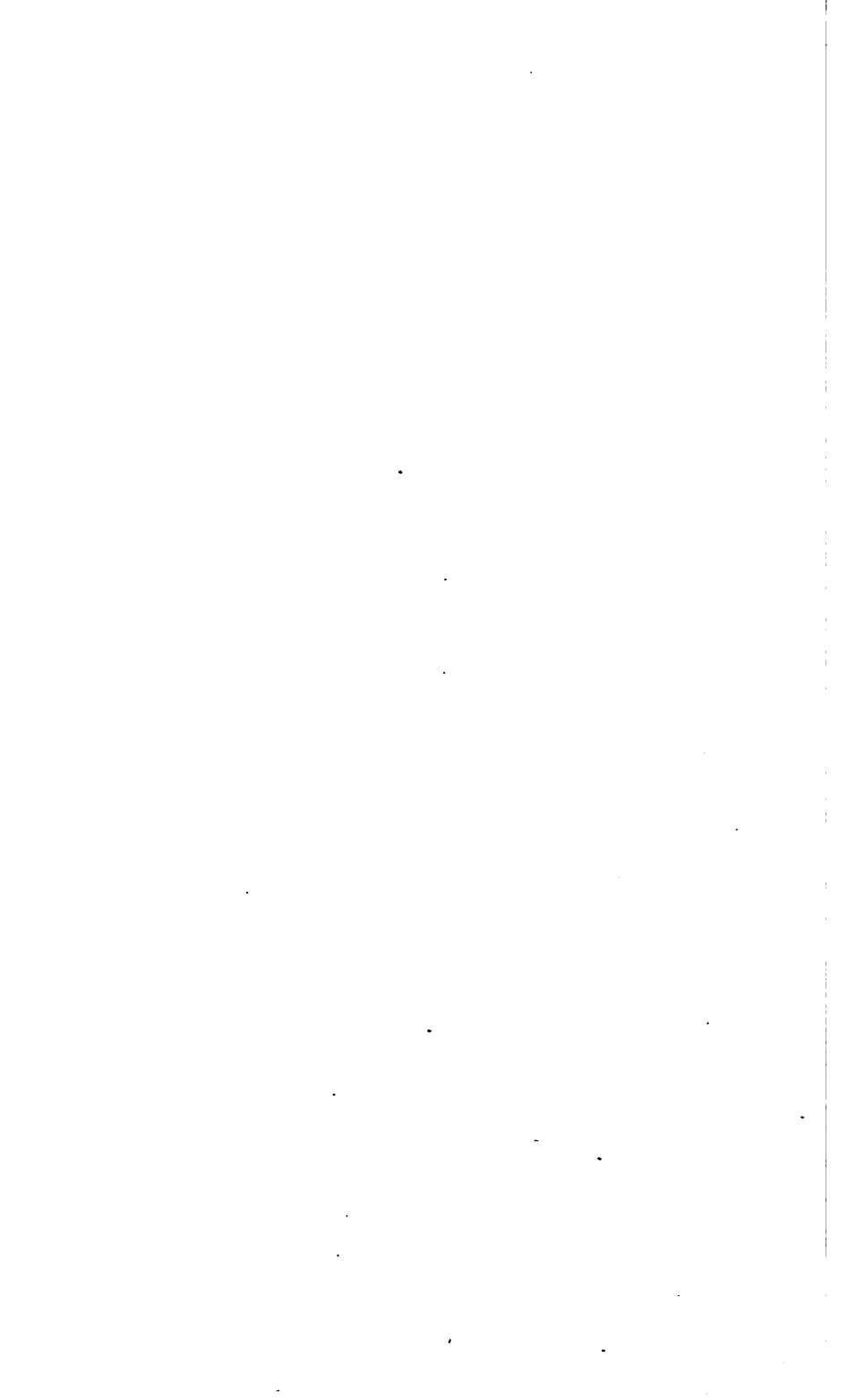
BYGONE YORKSHIRE.





MICKLEGATE BAR, YORK.





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BYGONE YORKSHIRE.

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"OLD-TIME PUNISHMENTS," ETC., ETC.



HULL AND YORK :

A. BROWN & SONS.

LONDON : SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, & CO., LIMITED.

1892.

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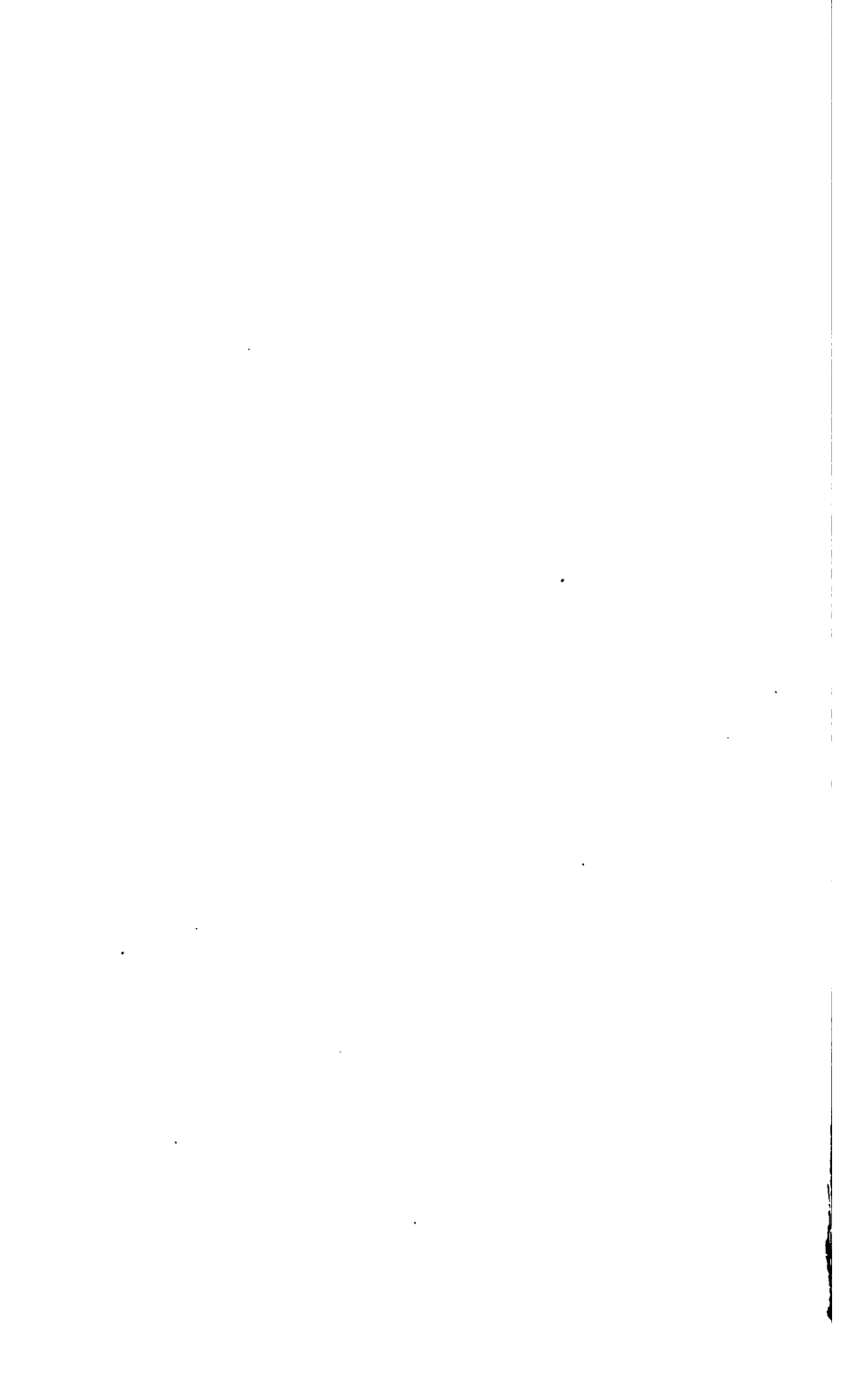
ROY WEN
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Preface.

IT gives me pleasure to once more be the means of making another addition to the literature of the county I love so much. In the pages of this work will, I believe, be found welcome contributions to our local history. In preparing the work I had the good fortune to obtain the friendly co-operation of writers deeply interested in the subjects about which they have written. I offer to my contributors my warm thanks.

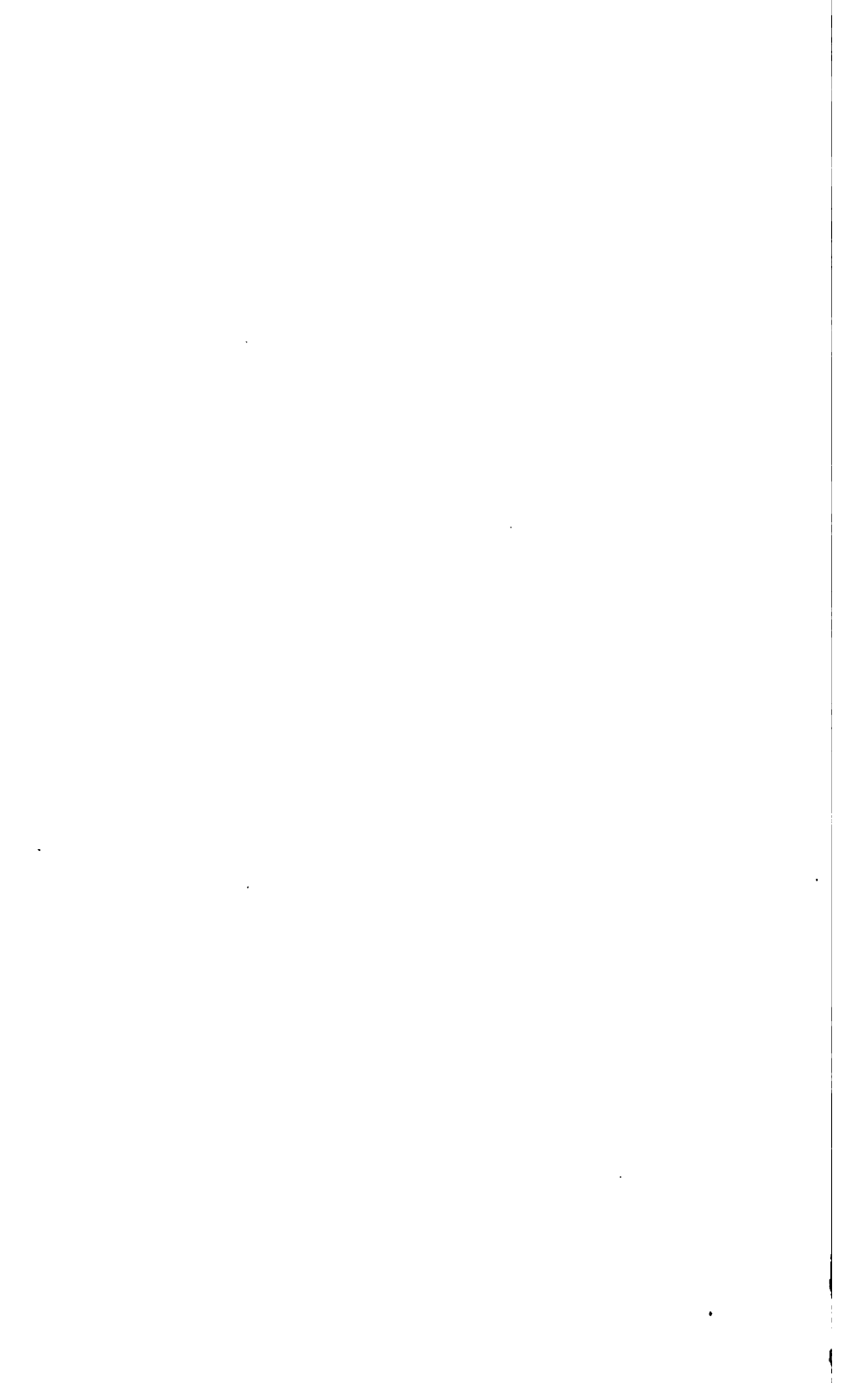
WILLIAM ANDREWS.

HULL LITERARY CLUB,
30th August, 1892.



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BYGONE YORKSHIRE.

Lake-Dwellings of Yorkshire.

BY T. TINDALL WILDRIDGE.

THE researches and conclusions of science lead us to the acceptance of the general theory that at a period far remote from our day, though by no means at any early stage of the world's existence, the present arrangement of its crust, by a gradual alteration of the mundane equilibrium, took the place of a disposition of land and water differing totally from that now familiar to us. Our continents, it is proved, have taken the place of other continents whose slow submersion occasioned the vast oceanic expanses of the southern hemisphere. Geological facts can be read in the light of this theory; but the strongest direct evidence, as so strongly adduced by Professor Huxley, is found in the consideration of the present state of the living organic

world ; that is in the geographical distribution of animals and plants. The innumerable coincidence (astounding in the face of any other theory) among the branches of the African, Papuan, and Australasian races are clear testimony of their being survivals of old-world types ; either in their continuance upon the fragments left of their ancient continents or in the new countries which rose to meet their footsteps as they hastily or insensibly retired before the rising waters. The fauna, other than the human animal, and the flora of those accidental remnants of the early continents, are also alone sufficient to warrant the assumptions to the acceptance of which the survivals of old human customs and folk matter have led.

How often this awful oscillation—silent and slow in itself for the most part, though perhaps culminating towards crises, and almost necessarily catastrophic in its effects at one stage or another—has occurred, or to what extent present life is influenced by alternations of equilibria other than the last great reversal, are questions which nor conjecture nor science can yet touch ; they are closed doors, awaiting keys which geology may yet furnish.

The abundant traces of that most recent re-adjustment of the globe—most recent, yet before all history—are corroborated by the hundred-tongued voice of tradition, and, moreover, a long rearguard of facts also remains yet in the misty region known as “prehistoric times” to keep up a line of communication, in a more or less defined manner, between Now and the earliest period of the present condition of the earth.

I venture to think we have in the lake dwellings of the world a unique and an almost universal relic of those early times, not necessarily in any one instance dating from the turn of that measureless tide, but at any rate so far in the past that men had either the necessity which must have compelled existence among watery wastes, or had not yet lost the habits which earlier necessity had made characteristic.

We have to consider here the water-dwellings which belong to prehistoric times. Yet it is as well to mention that, just as in other directions we find all the arts of the ancients having their counterparts among savage races of to-day, so there are to be found in many parts of the world tribes yet living on lagoons and at mouths of rivers,—in water-dwellings which have a strong

family likeness to what we call the prehistoric lake-dwellings. This, of course, according to many circumstances which would have to be considered, may or may not help the theoretical view with which this paper commences, but it may obviate objection to reflect that, until a certain point of civilization is reached, the tendency of man is to continue to rule his life and actions by the ancestral standard.

Narrowing the limits of the subject it may be briefly stated that a series of discoveries, initiated by Dr. Keller in Switzerland in 1854, and more amply illustrated by Dr. Munro in 1890, in a magnificent collection of statistics, have established the fact that a broad and indefinite belt of Europe—including, Hungary, Switzerland, Germany, France, Holland, and the British Isles—contains an immense number of remains of ancient structures, which, built on piles or masses of sticks and brushwood on the beds of lakes, were the habitations, farm buildings (?), and strongholds of a people living through the Stone and Bronze ages, commencing in most primitive times and coming down by “a gradual, quiet, and peaceable development,” to a period of artistic skill and absolute culture, till—and it is here that Mr.



PILE-DWELLINGS, VENEZUELA, 1890.

Franks and Dr. Munro correct previous conclusions—they were finally driven out by a fresh race, which, after impressing its own character on the lake-dwellings, abandoned them.

To come to the British Isles, the lake-dwellings of Scotland and Ireland, though including some early examples, are mostly of a date comparatively late. Under the unmelodious name of Crannoges or Crannogs, they had been known for centuries, and have even taken part in the events of recorded mediæval history ; though their archæological import was not recognized till 1839, and not fully until the Swiss discoveries gave enlightened zest to inquiry. In these cases the late use of the structures as military fortresses seems to have obscured the consideration of their original purpose.

In the lake-dwellings of the continent there have been found sufficient relics to afford a not altogether indistinct idea of the life and occupation of the inhabitants, and it may be instructive to review some of the details, incorporating the conclusions to which they have given rise, before the Yorkshire examples are dealt with.

The Lake-dwellers came into Europe as a pastoral people, provided with the cow, sheep,

pig, goat, and dog ; they were not wanderers, but settled in groups, consisting in some cases of hundreds of families. The race did not live exclusively on the water, as there are remains of coeval hill-dwellings.

They were likewise agriculturists. Their tillage is considered to have been extremely simple, but it was evidently systematic, and conjecture is given ample scope by Dr. Keller's remark to the effect that some of the products found are of a quality not excelled by the best growths of the present day. The chief crops appear to have been wheat, two-rowed barley, and flax.

Their food was the flesh of the domestic animals, and of animals of the chase, fish, milk, corn-meal, rye, crab-apples, plums, pears, sloes, acorns, waterchestnuts, hazelnuts, cherries, raspberries, grapes, and blackberries. The broken state of the bones found is a peculiarity of remarkable uniformity of occurrence. Not only are all marrow bones found broken up, but the hollow bones of the heads and jaws containing cellular tissue have been opened with a readiness which, by constant use, became almost art. Professor Rutmeyer adduced

from this that there was "no superfluity," but it is quite as feasible to suppose that the palates and cookery of the lake-dwellers were capable of rendering these parts, not the "miserable pittance" he describes, but a dainty. From finding the jaws of dogs similarly cracked, it has also been held that those animals were likewise eaten; the fact, however, of dogs being kept at all by the islanders, together with the finding of immense quantities of small bones which would, if the general conditions were those of scarcity, have been gnawed and eaten by the canines, points rather to plenty.

The communities had their hunters and fowlers, whose game were stags, roes, wild boars, beavers, otters, and squirrels; to which may be added the bear, wolf, and urus; also geese, swans, and other birds. As well as by their skill with bows and arrows, and javelins, they entrapped the wild animals by means of pits, and probably gins. They caught the beaver and the otter by means of floating valve-traps. They had also their fishers, who caught pike and other abounding fish by nets and line, by hooks of boar tusks, and by barbed darts.

Their clothing would vary according to the

season. They spun flax into thread, and by a simple process wove it into cloth of various textures and patterns still existing. Sheep and other skins would be commonly used as clothing. Spindle whorls of stone and pottery, and parts of rude weaving frames have remained to us. They also made mats and ropes, and no doubt wove basketware of some kind.

Corn-grinding (without removal of the bran), cooking, spinning, weaving, and the making of clothes would be the domestic occupations.

What may be termed town-occupations would be pot making and weapon making.

Pots are found of widely sundered degrees of fineness. Urn and plate forms are met, but mere jars are the most common. The material was the nearest clay mixed with gravel, quartz, or roughly pounded flint, and burnt with a moderate heat. The great bulk of the pottery is plain, but some examples are ornamented with indentations, bosses, and zig-zag ornament, some are coloured with graphite, and some with red ochre. The proficiency shown in attaining regularity of shape without a wheel is proof that pottery was the occupation of a "trade," and probably the products were objects of barter. Red ochre is a common

“find,” and reminds us of the ancient German practice of artificially reddening the hair.

The remarks as to trade apply to weapons. Flint was the primeval tool. It was less common in Switzerland than elsewhere. It was used to manufacture other tools of flint, of bone, and of stone, and the processes were chipping, grinding, and methods facilitated by the use of water and sand. Nephrite was also a tool material, but it is only met naturally in Egypt and Asia. Though found in the oldest lake-dwellings, it probably reached them by barter, and was imported in the form of tools already made, as no chips have been identified, and broken tools are found carefully re-ground. Flint itself is considered to have been imported in bulk from France and Germany into more southern localities. Bone and horn were utilized in a variety of ways for weapons and implements, and the abnormal tree-forms produced by the gall insects were adapted into clubs and mallets. Between stone and bronze times, there was a restricted use of copper.

Upon the acceptance of bronze, the weapon makers gradually adopted bronze casting, using the stone forms as models, though with less and

less adherence to them; ornament became increasingly easy, and elegance common.

The introduction of iron, it is impossible not to agree with Dr. Munro, is synonymous with conquest, and the undoubted advance made at its advent, in both use and beauty, was by a different race of people—the Kelts, who, following after the stone and bronze workers, whether Bythons or Goidels, first stamped the system with their mark, and then, as a racial mode of life, put an end to it.

The other arts participated in the same forward movement. Pottery, though it never reached the Roman standard, became “fit and elegant.” The textile fabrics took up patterns which became the prototypes of the tartans.

The piles of the dwellings were straight stems of trees of the vicinity, mostly oak, beech, fir, pine, and birch. The trees were felled by fire, or by hatchet. The piles, of from 8 to 12 inches diameter, were driven into their places by heavy mallets and hand-stones, and were disposed in regular rows. The spaces between the outer piles were in some cases wattled together with twigs and lesser branches. A framework of trunks, pinned or mortised upon the heads of the

piles, was the support for a platform of fir planks. Openings were left at some portions of the platform for the deposit of refuse, and the constant casting away of broken or disused objects occasioned large quantities of these to be accumulated in a way that reminds of the "oyster heaps" of Denmark. The heaps of refuse in Holland are sometimes 20 feet in depth. It is imagined also that the interstices between the boards of the floor were somewhat open. The walls were of clay, 4 to 6 inches in thickness, kept in position by a foundation of wattling or basket work. In the middle of the floor of each hut was a hearthstone. The roof was formed of bark, straw, or rushes.

In other, and a smaller number of cases, the platform was built up on horizontal layers of brushwood and sticks, held together and bounded by rows of stakes and small piles. This description is styled the "fascine."

From the first period to the last the arrangements are similar. The difference between pile and fascine dwellings appears to be caused but by the difference of the situations, and the composition of the lake beds. As the period of progress set in, however, and when probably

hostility became an increasing factor, we find the dwellings further from the shores, the trunks are larger, and much of the timber is squared.

It seems to be generally concluded by the continental archæologists, in which opinion Dr. Munro concurs, that the reason of the choice of isolation by the lake-dwellers was what can only be termed a general hostility, whether between clan and clan, tribe and tribe, or nation and nation. The view of universal hostility, as the normal condition of those times, is contradictory of the peaceful progress so weightily pointed and argued upon by the archæologists, that, though conflicts cannot be supposed to have been unknown or even rare, they have left so little general trace that the above conclusion, though difficult to refute, needs to be strengthened by more complete evidence before it can be admitted without question. These remarks only apply to the stone and bronze ages, for there can be little doubt the race which brought the custom of water-dwelling from the east, fell before a land-living race which followed from the same direction, bringing with it a superior physique and iron weapons, and the manner of the end of the lake-dwellings of Central Europe is told

by the signs of fire which so many of them bear.

Dr. Keller, in his original report, stated 'his belief that the first consideration in the building of pile dwellings in the Swiss lakes was the wish to secure themselves from the irruption of human enemies and the attacks of wild beasts. In his work of 1866, however, he modified the statement, and abandoned the idea that the protection was against beasts. He was led to this conclusion by the authority of the eminent naturalist, Von Hochstetter, who states that "wild beasts avoid the human race, and even uncivilized man is nowhere in the world so helpless as to fly to the water for protection from ravenous animals." The ferocious animals of the Alpine regions, Dr. Keller later admitted, were only bears, lynxes and wolves, for history mentions no others, and these are the only ferocious animals whose remains are found in or near the lake dwellings. He speaks of the absence of any record of the seizure of a man by bear or lynx, and quotes Conrad Gessner to the effect that the wolf does not attack men—unless his ordinary sustenance failed him—and Stumpf, who wrote in the middle of the 16th century, that there were fewer wolves in

Helvetia and among the Alps than in any other country in Europe.

With regard to wild beasts, which would in England be the wolf, and more rarely the bear and lynx, it has to be remembered that a settlement is chiefly for the security of the females and more especially of the young, and there are numerous instances of wolves devouring children in ordinary times, to say nothing of the frequency with which the usual sustenance of the wolf does fail him. But if we look upon these settlements as in some measure farmsteads, we can have no doubt that in some, wherever flocks and herds were pastured during the day, they would be driven into pens or huts, even perhaps the cabins of the people, at night. Herodotus distinctly states that the Pæonians regularly stabled their cattle on lake-dwellings. Indeed the excreta of domestic animals are found in the relic beds of the dwellings. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the protection of the flocks and herds from wild beasts was one reason why the early settlers of Europe continued in their water-homes generation after generation. In the case of the Dutch "terp" mounds the circumstances were of course exceptional. But while contending that

folding of cattle was one consideration, I hold that, whether Professor Hochstetter is right or not as to the animals, that it was a secondary one—and that there must be some other reason for so curious a mode of life, which, as I have ventured to suggest, was the continuance of primeval habit.

It would have been more feasible to have abandoned the theory of protection against enemies, for Dr. Keller himself points out how peaceful and progressive was the development of human life in the settlements. He successfully controverted, so far as related to the epochs of stone and bronze, the theories of M. Troyon, who spoke of irruption of foes, and burnings of lake-dwellings as explanatory of the differing epochs, though Dr. Keller undoubtedly went too far in taking it for granted he had disproved the same for the iron age. The nature of the structures does not suggest that they were intended as a protection against forces of men. Their arrangement and situation is unstrategetic in the extreme, and though in cases they had inter-communication, in more they had none. Unless their construction above the water was very different from what is supposed, they would afford

little protection against determination. They were, to be brief, as destitute as a Yorkshire village of to-day of any pretence of fortification, and in most instances the buildings were in very shallow water. The Kelts did not apparently receive any check in their irruptions.

Von Hochstetter held that the people had their chief settlements on land, and that the lake-dwellings must have been used for some special purpose, which purpose he does not suggest. But the almost universal discovery of all the implements of household economy, as Dr. Keller observes,—and the evidences of their active use,—show that the structures were residences during many centuries.

Upon the whole, the grade of civilization of the continental lake-dwellings cannot be considered low, and the conditions must have been tolerable even to comfort, pre-necessitating a long period of applied activity and more or less continuous peace.

It is an ascertained fact that population, broadly speaking, increases in the ratio and as the result of rising opportunities and possibilities of support, rather than that increase of population compels the finding of new means.

The withdrawal of water from the land by Nature's drainage, and especially by her peat-fillings giving new levels, together with the reduction of forests to fields, gave the opportunities. More land became available, populations grew up by the sides of the lake-dwellings, which, now in the hands of a new race without the water-instincts of their predecessors, fell into comparative desuetude. There is a note of this heard in early literature. Hippocrates (born 460 B.C.) speaks of the lake-dwellers as seldom visiting the city or markets.

Several instances might be given of later continuance. In the 13th and 14th centuries the Apancean lake-chain had a lake called the Lake of Christians, because occupied by Christian fishermen, who lived in wooden huts on piles. The still later use of the Irish and Scotch Crannogs might be mentioned, but these were scarcely inhabited as ordinary dwellings, but as fastnesses, fortresses, and prisons, with mediæval superstructures of stone. The English examples are earlier than either the Scotch or Irish.

In leaving the consideration of the abandonment of the dwellings, it is to be noted that the firing of a large number of the Swiss examples

not only caused the structures to be left in haste with all their paraphernalia upon them, but in many instances caused the permanent preservation, by carbonization, of details which would otherwise have become obliterated in a few years.

There is at least one instance of a water-dwelling in Wales.

In England, water-dwellings are represented at present by remains found in London, in Berkshire, Suffolk, Norfolk, and lastly in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

It is the series of discoveries in the last named with which we have to do. The remains consist of an indefinite number of structures at and near Ulrome, in Holderness, and of one instance near the mouth of the River Hull; and all the examples are practically along the course of the same ancient stream.

The low-lying situation of Holderness, and the great extent to which its surface formerly lay under water, are facts so well known that it may seem unnecessary to do more than merely allude to them. A few words more, however, may be useful. The reason of the present abundance of water in the district is of course the fall from the wolds, of which Holderness and parts to the west are the

natural basin. Before, however, the yet continuous encroachment of the North Sea had removed so much of the eastern margin of the district, there is no doubt that the coast line was much higher than at present, and formed an effectual barrier to the wold shed, so that its only escape was southward towards the Humber. The surface of the country, rarely a plain, was chiefly characterised by innumerable hollows, in many cases of considerable extent. This conformation naturally led to the accumulation of large bodies of water in lagoons which, connected by sinuous necks and streamlets, cut up the land into a multitude of islands, and slowly concentrated themselves in the River Hull. The earliest name of the inhabitants of East Yorkshire was the *Parisii*, the "dwellers in the watery district," and doubtless the designation of these people, said to be *Brigantes*, was scarcely a tribal distinction, but simply owing to their residence in this locality. The etymologies of the district are full of the same aqueous references, as *Holderness*, *Hull*, and the numerous combinations of *ey* (sea) an island. Doubtless under *Paris* yet lie the beams of lake-dwellings.

In process of time, the peat era commenced,

and the meres and lakes began to fill up, till at length all the deeper hollows of the land were obliterated, and the waters spread in marsh-making expanses, in part drying up at a higher level and in part waiting for mediæval Commissioners of Sewers to take in hand the work of drainage, not yet perfected.

Such being the character of the district it is not surprising to find that its early inhabitants, the Parisii of the Brigantes, or their nameless predecessors, lived in lake-dwellings.

The establishment of this fact is due to the antiquarian zeal and judgment of Mr. Thomas Boynton, of Bridlington Quay, late of Ulrome Grange, Holderness. A collector and keen student of the prehistoric relics of the district, Mr Boynton, in 1880, then resident at Ulrome, was struck by the situation in which certain bone implements were found, and his subsequent examinations led not only to the complete demonstration of the existence of the remains of one lake-dwelling, but to the discovery of six or eight others.

The importance of the preceding remarks as to the water system of Holderness will be seen when it is stated that these lake dwellings are situated

on the course of a small stream, the Stream Dyke, more commonly called the Skipsea Drain, which now runs into the sea at Barmston, but which previous to the inauguration of the Beverley and Barmston Drainage scheme, just before the end of the last century, was a natural tributary of the river Hull. The coastline being broken down, the waters have now a certain amount of eastward escape.

The circumstances of the discovery were as follow. In the spring of 1880 the Drainage Commissioners having had occasion to deepen the Skipsea drain, which has a very heavy bed of mud, Mr. Boynton observed among the earth thrown out upon one of his fields, "the West Furze" several implements of perforated bone. Causing the earth to be turned over, he was rewarded by the discovery of other similar discoveries, as well as of two picks made from antlers of the red deer, a piece of red ochre, and several stones shewing traces of having been applied to some use. In May of the following year the drain was at a very low level, and Mr. Boynton, taking advantage of the circumstance, had the water dammed; a number of men were set to work and dug through the peat till a bed

of gravel was reached at a depth of 9 feet 6 inches from the surface. This excavation resulted in the finding of three more bone implements, at a depth of 7 feet, several stakes, piles, and remains of brushwood, which decided Mr. Boynton to excavate the site as soon as opportunity offered. In the following December, the work was begun, and upwards of 3000 cubic feet of earth were excavated, disclosing, as the digging proceeded, the remains of an artificial construction of wood, which strongly resembled the fascine-founded dwellings in the Swiss lakes.

There was distinct evidence of the same site having been occupied by two consecutive dwellings, the foundations of the first being simply brushwood held in place on the peat by stakes of oak and alder roughly pointed, or rather rounded, and driven through the peat into the lake bed. In this portion were found the following objects :

An upper grinding-stone of whinstone,
bluntly semilunar in shape, 12 inches
by 7.

Two flint cores and about fifty large flakes.

A flint knife.

A flint saw (small).

Two flint scrapers.

Three natural pebbles, showing wear as hammer-stones.

A granite anvil, circular and flat.

A granite anvil having a small cup-like cavity.

A large number of bone implements, viz. :

Sixteen perforated articulate extremities of ox.

A perforated scapula.

A cervical vertebra, untooled, but still retaining in the vertebral foramen remains of a shaft.

These eighteen bones are considered not to be hoes or any agricultural implements, but weapons. With shafts of tough wood, they could, there is not the least doubt, be wielded with terrible effect as clubs, maces, or "skull crackers."

Two hand-picks of deer horn, in each case the main trunk of the horn being deprived of all the antlers, excepting that of the brow, which forms the pick. There is evidence that such picks were used for quarrying, though doubtless also for other purposes. One of these specimens shows a remarkable instance of the use of the flint saw.

3	Approximate highest level of water after submergence of the dwelling and during ages of last deposit, say 3 to 5 feet above this point.	Surface soil of marly clay, about 15 inches.	Added foundation of second dwelling.
		Peat, about 3 feet.	
		Sand, a thin artificially strewn layer.	
4	Approximate level of present intersecting drain.	Brushwood and bark, about 1 foot, pierced with upright stakes.	Foundation of first dwelling.
2	Probable level of water in second dwelling period.	Large trunks of trees laid horizontally.	
1	Probable level of water in first dwelling period.	Brushwood, about 2 feet.	
		Peat, about 2 feet.	
Gravel, lake bed.			

SECTION OF THE ULROME LAKE-DWELLING.

Most of the bone relics were found at the west side of the dwelling.

Other bones (food) etc :

Ox, the ordinary species most abundant ;

Bos longifrons and *Bos primigenius*.

Horse or small pony, a considerable portion of skull.

Beaver ; among these are several jaw fragments, one with the chisel-like incisors as effective as when they first cut down Holderness trees. Mr. Boynton states that the marks of beavers' teeth were abundant on the timber of the dwelling. [Is it possible that Man availed himself of a work the Beaver had commenced ? The situation is precisely such as beavers would choose for their dam, having been on a narrow strait between two lagoons].

Large Dog or Wolf, one jaw, uncracked.

Pig.

Sheep.

Deer.

Otter, posterior portion of skull.

Goose.

Other birds, small.

Above this dwelling were the remains of the other. Above the brushwood were placed trunks and branches of trees—oak, birch, ash, willow, hazel, and alder—in a horizontal position, arranged sufficiently squarely with the plan, and so laid as to bind one another, vertical stakes further strengthening the mass and holding firmly the superincumbent layer of brushwood, one foot in thickness. The thickest trunks were from 15 to 18 inches in diameter and from 15 to 18 feet in length, and in many parts so preserved by the peat as to be quite sound. The stakes of the upper dwelling were undoubtedly sharpened with a metal hatchet.

The upper dwelling was much larger than the lower, the foundation being built up from the lake peat bed on the north side.

At the south end of the platform was the remains of a bridge or causeway about two feet wide, built of brushwood and sticks, like the platform, held in the position by upright stakes stuck in the peat at intervals of about five feet. It is considered that when the second dwelling was raised upon the inundated remains of the first, the causeway was left at the original height. It may on the other hand have been built so

as not to form a dam to hold up the water in the northern lagoon. We can well imagine this foot-bridge being just at the ordinary level of the water, which in rainy seasons would flow across it. This causeway ran east and west across the end of the platform and communicated with both shores, and as well as being the access to the dwelling was, it is not unlikely, used as the bridge of this district. Where it adjoined the platform at the east side were two uprights, suggesting a narrow wicket. In the case of some Scotch crannogs and Swiss dwellings the causeways are considered to have been purposely sunk, so as to be familiar only to habitues.

The objects found in the second dwelling belong, as a matter of course, to a later period. They were :—

A bronze spearhead, much corroded, but perfectly complete, and with part of the wooden shaft still remaining.

A fragment of a jet armlet.

Fragments of pottery, found in and near the site, since pieced together and found to be :

1st. A plain pipkin or porridge caldron, with the marks of fire yet upon it ; dimensions 12 inches diameter at

the widest part, below the mouth, which curls over to an inch less in diameter; the sides slope off flatly to the base which is $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. The height is also $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

2nd. A noble jar, probably used as a corn storer; height 2 feet 3 inches, greatest diameter 2 feet, round bulbous sides, base 15 inches; with a thick round rim. The other is the merest crock, but this vase, though made without a wheel, shews a symmetry and regularity of contour speaking of long practice of the potter's art. Like other pottery of this class, both vessels are made of clay mixed with an abundance of granular flinty fragments.

The most noteworthy relics have yet to be mentioned. These are three human skulls with fragments of a fourth. All are of male adults, the interior grooves of the fragments of the fourth showing indications of great age; the *dura mater* of these fragments

is preserved with surprising integrity. None of the three skulls shews any sign of violence. One of them has (separate) a portion of the upper jaw attached to the orbit; it has four teeth, sound, small and worn flat in the way characteristic of teeth in prehistoric skulls, a peculiarity due to the mastication of much hard dry food, as well as to fine grit, which the system of grinding caused to be deposited in the meal. Considering the extreme hardness, however, of the granite or whinstone grinding-stones, it is probable that the latter reason is over-estimated. Such an appearance of the teeth may be an indication that these people lived largely upon hard cakes rather than bread made into loaves.

Mr. Boynton to his discoveries of lake dwellings in this interesting district has given the distinctive names of the localities in which they have been found, or their indications observed. Thus the dwelling above described is at the West furze. It may be noted that this is the name of the field by which access to the site of dwelling is had from the Skipsea highroad, but that Mr. Boynton many years ago cleared away the furze which gave its name. In this field

there are several hollows occasioned by the excavation of sand for the building of Ulrome Grange—a modern farmstead—and this was the probable source of the sand with which the lake-dwellers kept their platform and floors sprinkled.

The other localities where lake-dwellings may be expected to be unearthed in the future are Round Hill, Barmston, Grassmoor, and Little Kelk, as well as several other places where Mr. Boynton, whose astute observation is not to be surpassed, declares prehistoric remains to exist.

Round Hill has in fact been subjected to some small experimental excavation. The site appears to be larger than that of West Furze, but of similar character. Here also there are signs of two different periods of construction, for, as pointed out by Mr. Boynton, the sharpened end of one pile had penetrated and remained in the stump of an older one, which must necessarily have become decayed before the other had been driven down. The brushwood here is thicker than that of the dwelling at West Furze. Up to the present, the discovery of relics has not been great. They are :—

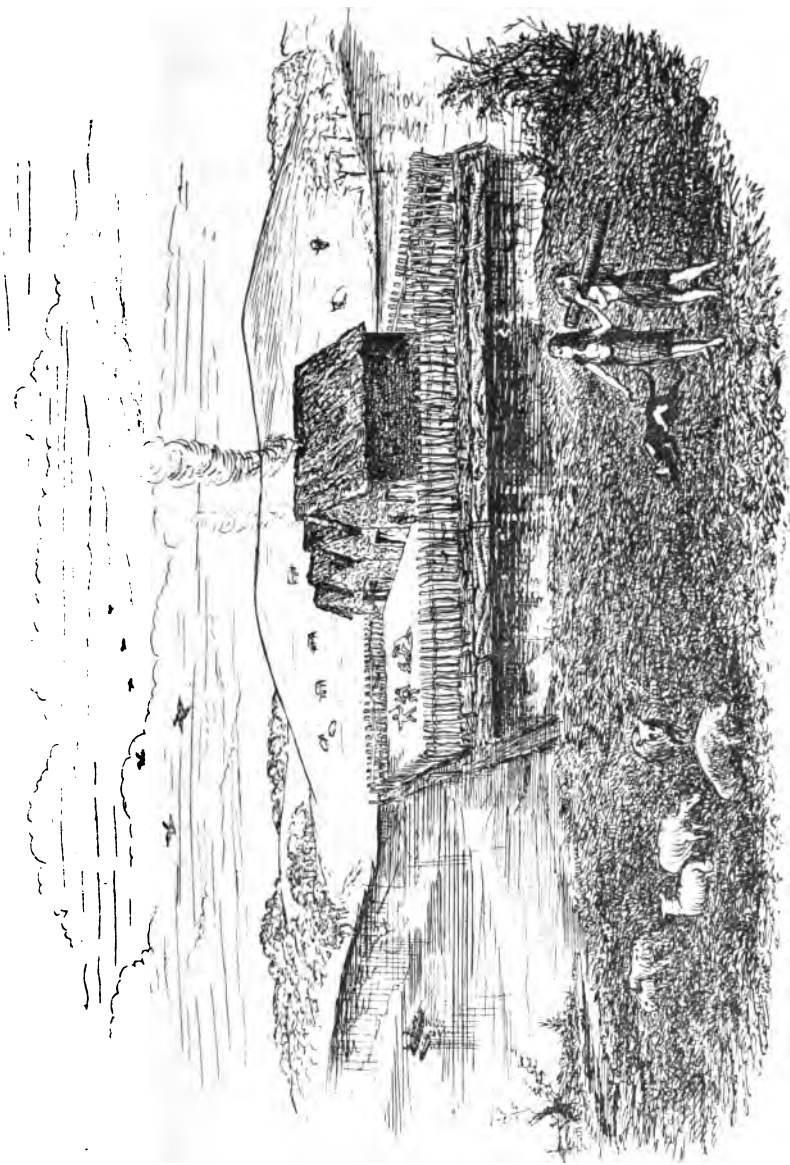
A small stone celt.

Part of a perforated stone hammer.

Half of a jet armlet. Compared with the rude implements with which it was contemporary this is a work of great beauty and finish. Its ornament consists of five prominent ridges one at each margin and three in the centre, with two smaller in the intervals. If the bracelet has been turned, it has been by an imperfect instrument, though the probability is that it has been made entirely without any such assistance.

This dwelling is to be opened out by Mr. Boynton by means of a grant from the Society of Antiquaries. The previous excavations by that gentleman have been entirely at his own expense. The depth and solidity of the surrounding earth render these explorations matters of no trifling cost, while there is an element of inconvenience, not to say danger, in the exhalation of marsh gases, which occasionally are so powerful that ignition would be possible.

Within sight of this lake-dwelling district looms the high artificial hill upon which the Norman



RESTORATION OF THE WEST FURZE LAKE-DWELLING, ULRONE.

Castle of Skipsea stood. It is supposed, however, that it was raised in prehistoric times. Poulson speaks of barrows near it, but Mr. Boynton asserts that the mounds in question are not barrows.

The restoration shewn in the cut is almost purely ideal. To the west, beyond, is seen the elevation known as Goose Island, and which, there are numerous traces to prove, was anciently made into a veritable island by artificial cuttings. This, it was presumed, was used as pasture land, with perhaps a corn enclosure; the ground occupied by the spectator—West Furze—is also high. From very slight indications, assisted by analogy with other lake dwellings, the platform is supposed to have been palisaded. If there were horizontal bars, they would probably be secured by thongs of hide, or by flaxen ropes. The form of the huts is simply copied from Swiss examples in which portions have remained, and it is supposed that, as in those cases, the walls were of clay some four inches thick built upon wattle or basketwork. The Swiss huts are known to have been thatched with straw and reeds, but the Ulrome huts are considered to have been covered in with bark. The hearth (no stone was

discovered) is supposed to have been in the middle of the floor, and the only chimney an aperture in the roof, the primitive arrangement in most Iceland kitchens to-day.

The Venezuelan pile-dwelling is given as affording a vivid illustration of the modern savage method. It is sketched from a photograph by Mr. Frederick A. Ober.

The only other locality in Yorkshire besides Ulrome where any trace of water-dwellings has been observed is in High Street, Hull. In April 1884, while workmen were excavating behind the old mansion now known as Etherington Buildings (numbers 50 and 51), in order to lay the foundations of a new warehouse, they met with a quantity of remains. These were several upright trunks of trees, oak and birch, the largest of which was about fifteen inches in diameter. Their tops, though not smoothly cut, appeared to have been hewn with a fair amount of neatness. They were not dressed in any way; short stumps of branches projected from the sides, and seemed to have been intentionally left of about one length. The tops of the piles were met at a depth of about 10 feet, and the removal of the earth round

them to a depth of 4 feet further failed to loosen them in the least degree. Between the piles were a number of branches and twigs of birch laid loosely in a horizontal position. Near these, and in other parts of the site laid open, about a quarter of an acre, to the depth of 16 feet was an immense quantity of bones, laid in various accumulations. These included bones of:—

Ox.

Calf.

Sheep.

Lamb.

Horse or Pony (small).

Deer.

Pig.

Goose.

Sea Fowl (indefinite).

Many of the bones were reduced to a friable lime, many of the teeth having also the inner medullary portion decayed out as noticed in some of the Ulrome teeth. There was the usual characteristic of the breaking up of the marrow-bones and the cracking of the jaw sinuses. Birch leaves and twigs were found in small quantities elsewhere than near the piles, in places where the soil was black and peaty. The whole of the

remains were embedded in warp mud or river silt of a grey colour when dry, but at the time a mere soft black mud in which all objects were nearly indistinguishable. The workmen did not draw attention to the remains until the time was nearly at hand for pouring in the concrete foundation. The owner of the premises, Mr. Alderman Samuel Woodhouse, F.R.H.S., on hearing of them, sent word to the writer. Going down immediately, I secured the services of one of the labourers, who assisted me to collect a number of the bones for subsequent identification. Within a few hours the concrete was poured into the hollow. Had a prompt and continued investigation been made from the first finding of the piles, it is probable that further indications of antiquity would have been discovered. From the above it was evident, however, that the river had formerly had a deeper channel, had deposited its silt fully twenty yards from the present bank, and that here had been a structure, probably a pile-dwelling of prehistoric man.

The lake-dwellings of the Stone and Bronze periods are the witnesses in history of a large proportion of the pre-Keltic inhabitants of Europe, who persistently lived up to their

traditions till the larger-framed Kelts overwhelmed them, and destroyed their system. The indications of Iron speak of the conquering Kelts, who relinquished the lake mode of life as readily as they seem to have taken it up. For Goidels, Bythons, or Kelts the lake-dwellings, peat preserved, have proved their Herculaneum.

An Ancient Monolith.

BY W. H. THOMPSON.

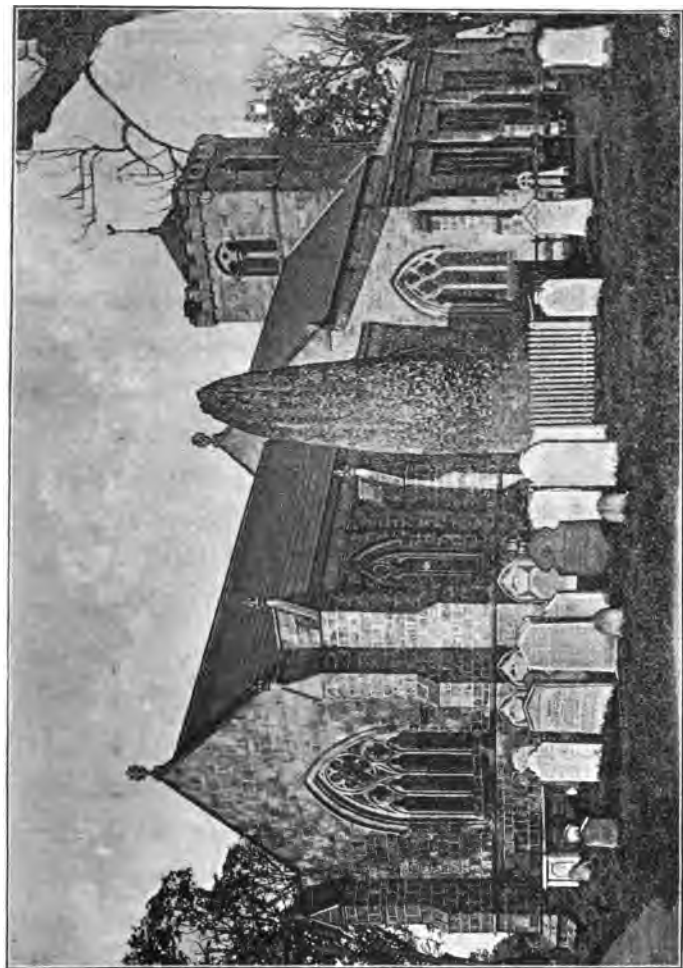
AMONGST the prehistoric monuments of Yorkshire, beyond doubt one of the most notable is the ancient monolith standing in the churchyard of the pleasant little village of Rudston, situate some five miles from Bridlington. Whether this stone owes its present position to the agency of nature or of man, has long been a debated question, but in either case there is the strongest evidence to shew that from very early times it was regarded as an object of more than ordinary reverence by our ancestors. And though in these later days not looked upon with any feelings of religious awe, even still it remains to antiquaries and scholars a relic of peculiar perplexity and interest.

This remarkable stone, which is about 24 feet in height above the ground, is a huge block of fine close-grained grit, such, according to Phillips, "as might easily be obtained on the northern moorlands about Cloughton, beyond

Scarborough, to which ancient British settlement a road led from Rudston by Burton Fleming and Staxton." Its weight is estimated at about 40 tons, it having been determined that its depth underground is equal to the height above. At the top of the same, are long furrows, but whether these are natural or artificial is regarded as uncertain.

The mass is taller than either of the stones at Boroughbridge, in the North Riding, popularly known as the "Devil's Arrows," which in many points it closely resembles. Like as in their case, tradition has associated it with Satanic agency. The story is, that the devil did not approve of the building of Rudston Church, therefore he flung this mighty missile, with the view of destroying both artificers and building. But his malice was futile, his sinister designs frustrated, and the stone remains to-day a memorial of ineffectual malignity. Certain it is that its appearance, "its broad, dusky mass," as has been remarked, "covered with black lichens, is wonderfully mysterious and 'eerie,' especially when projected against an evening sky."

The monolith is really of unknown age, and has been thought to be probably of sepulchral



RUDSTON CHURCH AND MONOLITH.

character. Standing, as it does, in a district thickly studded with the round tumuli of those *brachycephalic* Aryans of whom Canon Greenwell, Mr. Mortimer, and others, have written so much, it is not strange that the "Rud-stone" has been associated with the name of the so-called ancient Britons. It has been supposed, and with good reason, that we have in it a Druidical monument of the same mysterious people who erected the Titanic temple on Salisbury plain, "long-headed" or "broad-headed" Celts, or whoever these aboriginal inhabitants of England may have been.

The position of the stone in the village churchyard, and its close proximity to the church itself, goes a long way to support the view that once it was invested with some sort of religious character. The reverence for "holy" stones was formerly a very widespread form of religious superstition, both amongst civilized and uncivilized peoples. And this further we know, guided by the general conduct of the early and mediæval churches, that there was no spot where they were more likely to erect a Christian sanctuary than in the vicinity of a place hitherto connected with heathen rites and

ceremonies. It was their common policy to replace a pagan god by a Christian saint, a heathen festival by a holy day, and a temple of idols by one dedicated under a purer faith. Nothing more natural than that a church should be erected close to a monolith, and regarded with superstitious veneration.

At the same time, we consider that the popularly current etymology of the name Rudston, should be taken with a great deal of reservation. *Rood-stone*, it is said, *rood* as in rood-loft, that is, stone of the *cross* or holy stone, it being suggested that it may have been a cross of the early Christian converts. Unfortunately, however, this does not altogether pass muster with the philologists. Some others again say, *rud*, that is *red* stone, but it happens the block is not, nor ever was, red. The derivation given by the Rev. E. M. Cole, in his "Scandinavian Place Names," whilst it does not in any way conflict with the theory as to the sacred character of the monument, certainly better falls in with modern philological methods. He derives it from the old Norse "*hrodr-steinn*," that is "famous stone," and we personally strongly incline to this etymology. The great prevalence of Scandinavian

place-names in Yorkshire, and indeed in the north of England generally, is a fact so universally admitted that it needs from us no proving. The "Rud-stone" was just such an object as to strike the imagination of the fierce northern vikings, and if they found no ready-made legend as to its history existant, nothing more natural than that they should proceed to invent some wild theory of their own to account for its presence. We very shrewdly suspect, indeed, that the tradition we have already referred to as to the Satanic origin of this interesting relic, might be traced back to the old Norse mythology.

Nobody can reasonably question that the village owes its name to the monolith. And this being so, the form in which it appears in Domesday Book, undoubtedly gives support to Mr. Cole's hypothesis. There it appears as *Rodestan* and *Rodestein*, a very close following to the etymology we have quoted.

Concerning the origin and character of prehistoric monuments there must always, in the very nature of things, be a certain amount of perplexity and doubt. And the present case in

point is no exception to this general rule. However plausible our theories may be, and however near our surmises may approach to the truth, the early story of this rude obelisk must ever remain more or less obscure, veiled in the dim mists of a long bygone past.

Relics and Remnants.

BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

IN a glass case in the Mortimer Museum, Driffeld, is an oak stake from the lake-dwelling at Ulrome. It is warped and twisted out of shape through being inadvertently placed too near a hot fire in drying : but it bears upon it most eloquent marks of unwritten history. The pre-historic man, who took this stake to serve as a support to the platform on which his and other dwellings stood, took his bronze saw to shorten the timber ; and as he sawed with his imperfect tool he turned the wood round, so as to ring it and make it break easily. We have seen boys do the same to-day, and like the man of old, they formed a spiral instead of a circle, and gave up the work in disgust. Both bronze and flint tools were discovered in the ancient British dwelling-place at Ulrome, but the narrowness of the saw mark on the piece of oak led me to the conclusion that it was the work of the men of the Bronze age rather than of the Stone age.

Further traces of these Ancient Britons as hill-men may be found in the pit dwellings on Baildon Moor, on the North Yorkshire Moors, in the well-known village near Bampton; and a series of pits in a grass field at Great Kendall, near Driffild may, I venture to affirm, be taken as relics of the Britons, who roamed and lived here ere Cæsar's legions disturbed them. If the circular, rustic, coarse-thatched summer-houses found in our parks and gardens were partly sunk in the ground, they would give not a bad idea of the rude dwellings of these ancient Britons, but to render the likeness more complete, they would need a hole in the roof, by which escaped the smoke of the fire kindled on a flat stone in the middle of the floor.

While the farm men were ploughing on the farm at High Bonwick, near Skipsea, two years ago, the ploughshare struck against a large stone, which when unearthed led to the discovery of many others, two cart loads being taken away. Among them was a quern stone or hand-mill for crushing grain. Believing the slight mound to have been a tumulus, Mr. Topham invited me to assist in excavating it. A trench dug across it revealed marks of cremation; charcoal, lime, and

burnt earth being plentiful. Pieces of imperfectly burnt pottery, of coarse material were discovered, forming parts of large vases having wide mouths of eleven inches diameter. Several pieces of this grayish pottery lie before me as I write, the workmanship shewing the contact of a higher civilization than that of the untutored Briton, so that these pieces must be called Romano-British pottery.

Beyond these silent mounds and deserted pit-dwellings, that speak eloquently to the learned, with halting and stammering tongue to the observant, and with no speech to the unlearned and unobservant, we have little to remind us of the aborigines of these islands. Our river names—Derwent, Aire, Esk, Don, Swale, Tees, Ure,—are all ancient British. Such names seem imperishable, like the flint of which they fashioned their arrow heads and their other weapons and tools. Houses and the work of men's hands may be destroyed and swept off the face of the earth, but these names are like the rivers themselves, "men may come and men may go, but they go on for ever." Penygant and Otley Chevin, and perhaps Ben Rhydding shew marks of early British parentage. In Westgate, Driffild, there

used to be a pool of water called the Flash. This name, and Hard Flask, Malham, probably retain the British word *fleasg*, a marsh or wet place.

Now another class of persons appears, a race of soldiers comes to the front. They came, they saw, they conquered, and the remnants of their macadamised military roads or streets, with their castras or camps, are evidence of their genius and skill. Under the Romans, York became the second if not the first city in the land. Hither came the emperors, the proudest of their day, and if Constantine the Great were not born in the ancient city, capital of our broad-acred shire, 'twas there he assumed the imperial purple, and had presented to him the Tufa, or globe of gold symbolic of his sovereignty over Britain. When he embraced Christianity, he mounted a cross on the globe, and this united symbol may be seen on the top of the sceptre swayed by the sovereign, and is frequently held in the hand of the monarchs depicted on the great seal. This same symbol crowns the mighty dome of Wren's great masterpiece, the cathedral of the metropolis.

Of the magnificence of Roman York many relics have been found, but considering the long

residence of that race here, these antiquities are less numerous than might be supposed. Of the walls of York, the Multangular Tower and the wall which leads from it towards Bootham Bar are undoubtedly Roman ; but earthenware, glassware, metalware, weapons, coffins, and tessellated pavements have been found in large quantities.

In Yorkshire, the Romans had stations at Cataractonium (Catterick), Isurium (Aldborough), Olicana (Ilkley), Eboracum (York), Cambodunum (Slack), Calcaria (Tadcaster), Legiolium (Castleford), Danum (Doncaster), Petouaria (Brough), Derventio (Stamford Bridge ?), Delgovitia (Malton), Praetorium (Filey). The sites of the last three are debatable, but probable. A well known antiquary complains that the Roman antiquities of East Yorkshire have been very imperfectly explored. As a Roman station on the Derbyshire Derwent is named Derventio, we have good reason to expect that a station bearing a like name in Yorkshire would be similarly situated. Stamford Bridge is the only place below Malton where the Derwent is fordable, and its distance from York accords very well with that given in the first Iter of Antonine. Thirteen Roman miles, that is nearly twelve English ones,

brings us to Old Malton, which will accord well with Delgovitia. Here Roman remains of an extensive and important character have been found, while at Norton, a suburb of Malton, was found the stone sign of a goldsmith named Servulus, who before announcing his name and trade prays the *Genius loci* to be auspicious to him. Discoveries in 1857 at Filey yielded a fragment of an imperial inscription, the stone foundations and pillar bases of a large and important hall, as well as large quantities of pottery and other antiquities. The evidences of Roman occupation of this place would doubtless have been much greater, had not a considerable part of the promontory on which the station stood been carried away by the encroachments of the sea. That a Roman road led from Filey to Malton is certain. Its course has been traced, and in the neighbourhood of Flotmanby it is commonly called "The Street." There were, of course, many Roman roads in Yorkshire, as throughout the country, which are not described by Antonine. One of these is a road which appears to have diverged from the road from York at Malton and proceeded in a more direct line to Filey. Its existence is

proved by several camps on its course, and by the name of a village through which it passes,—Wharram le Street. Another road also led from Stamford Bridge to Filey, the course of which has been traced for two-thirds of its length. The line of the latter road is considerably to the south of the former. It is known as Garrowby Street. A third unrecorded road led from Brough to Market Weighton, whence it continued forward to Malton, with probably a direct branch from Weighton to York. This road, which has been traced at Drewton, near South Cave and near Weighton, was till very recent times called Humber Street by the country people.*

York is the only city in the kingdom that has an Archbishop and a Lord Mayor. From Paulinus to Maclagan a long line of illustrious men have filled the Archbishop's throne, and to this day they sign themselves *Ebor*, a contraction of the Roman name (*Eboracum*) for York. When the title Lord was bestowed on the Mayor is not known, but is of considerable antiquity. Not now, but in former times, the Lady Mayoress retained her title for

* Boyle, "Lost Towns of the Humber," p. 6.

life, but not so the Mayor, for does not the old couplet say

“The Lord Mayor is a Lord for a year and a day,
But the Lady Mayoress is a Lady for ever and aye.”

After 400 years of military occupation, the victorious sixth legion left York, and the Romans left Britain to defend their own lands from foreign invasion. Their career as an attacking force ceased for ever, and they offered an ineffectual resistance to the rude rough force that was destined to come to the front and change the destinies of nations. Luxury and indulgence were more potent to wreck Rome than the volume of valour which rolled from the North.

Our place-names shew few traces of the Roman. Physical names given by the Briton live on, and the names of their towns, slightly altered, are easily recognised in their Latin dress in the Iters, but even names ending in *caster*, and which are accredited to the Imperial conquerors of the Briton, such as Tadcaster, Doncaster, Acaster, etc., were not so called by the Romans; indeed on the whole map of Roman Britain there are only one or two names containing *castra*, a camp. Cave, on the Roman road to and from Brough, seems to be a Latin word, and is so

named in Domesday Book ; while our common word, *street*, is from the Roman *strata*, a road or way. Even the great Roman road from Dover to Chester was named by the Saxons, Watling Street ; and the great way across the heavens, the Milky Way, was called Watling Street too, both after King Weatla of their mythology. Ermyn Street, another Roman road, is also named after Eormen, one of the chief Anglo-Saxon divinities.

The Romans gave us the names of the months of the year, some of them, as July, August, named after their Emperors, some, as March, June after their divinities, and others after the order of their succession, as September, October, November, December. The Roman year began in March, and our civil accounts now are made up to March, and not up to December.

Even while the Romans were here, there appears to have been an immigration of Saxons, who, though soldiers, were ever settlers. The genius of the race was, and is, to found a *home*. So, for over 300 years, the Saxon wave of emigration swept westward, drove the Celts into the highlands, mountain fastnesses, and corners of the island, and studded the country

with *ings*, *hams*, and *fords*. During the Heptarchy, Northumbria was the only kingdom which possessed a silver and a copper coinage. The silver coins were the *sceatta* and the penny. The earliest *sceatta* known is preserved at York, and was minted there by Alfred of Northumbria, who was buried in Little Driffield Church in 705. Southern England may boast its Alfred the Great, but we may surely pride ourselves on our Alfred, surnamed the Wise, whose learning, wisdom, and courage are so touchingly related in Sharon Turner's glowing pages.

On the steep romantic slopes of Drewton Dale, stands a huge mass of breccia formed of flint and chalk fragments, and known by the name of St. Austin's stone; and tradition says that St. Augustine, the first Christian missionary to Britain, preached the gospel to the natives from this stone. Since then it has frequently been used as a preaching station. Such was the effect of the preaching of Paulinus, the first Archbishop of York, that he is said to have baptized 10,000 persons in the River Swale at Belperby. He first consecrated the river, and then commanded the converts to go in, two by two, and baptize each other in the name of the Holy Trinity.

The names of the days of the week are Saxon or Danish, for Professor Hodgetts builds up a beautiful fabric, which he calls "The Myth of the Week," shewing that the Northmen, of set purpose arranged the names of the days of the week in the order they now are, in accordance with their mythological ideas.

The Saxon and Danish drinking cups were so formed that they would not stand upright, as the contents were intended to be drunk at one draught. They were called *tumblers*, and our drinking glasses bear the same name to-day, though they are not the same shape as the Saxon vessels, neither do they tumble when placed on the table.

It was nearly 400 years ere the Saxon kingdoms were united under the Northumbrian Egbert, and such county names as Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Norfolk, Suffolk, Northumberland, Essex, and Middlesex tell us of some of their kingdoms. But a fresh invasion was commencing that weakened the kingdom of Angle-land, and the Saxons in turn became the prey of a foe, fiercer and braver than they, whose long boats scoured the oceans, and discovered America ages before Columbus was born, whose chisels carved runes

throughout Europe, whose warriors formed the body-guards of Eastern potentates and dethroned Western kings. They poured into the land, and spread over it like a flood, carrying death and destruction wherever they went. Their progress was as a fire, but a newer growth arose from the ashes, and Phœnix-like, England reappeared England still. These Northmen, like their brethren the Saxons, were colonists as well as soldiers, and what nation in the history of the world has been such a colonising nation as ours, the product of colonising parents. A Northman gained a piece of ground, either by conquest, purchase, or appropriation, built thereon his farmbuildings, and named it after himself; just as a man to day will acquire property and name the street after himself. In like manner *Saltaire* got its name.

Northern England was very largely peopled by these men from the North, and Yorkshire being then, as now, a large county, they divided it into Thirds or Ridings. Lincolnshire was also similarly divided, but there these divisions, as Ridings, are obsolete. The Ridings were divided into Wapentakes, for political and judicial purposes, as our forefathers were jealously and

zealously believers in Local Self Government. At the installation of a new governor or chieftain of a Wapentake each warrior in the district attended and touched the chieftain's spear with his, in token of fealty. This touching or "tigging" was the soldier's oath of allegiance; and a childish imitation of this ceremony gives us the well-known game of "tig," in which he who does not "touch wood" is treated as an outlaw, pursued and run down, while those who do "touch wood" are exempt from pursuit. At the installing ceremony, a king's thane would claim exemption from swearing fealty on the ground that he gave allegiance to the king; and so, in their game, children cry "Kings!" when they desire exemption.

The rush of the tidal wave up the higher reaches of the Humber and the lower part of the Trent and Ouse is locally known as the Egir, a word which savours strongly of the Northman, seeing that Oegir was his sea-god. Used first as a name for the sea, it has come to denote the Ogres with which nurses terrify children. The Humber was a frequent resort of the Northmen, and the roaring wave, as it came tumbling and foaming up the narrowing bed of the estuary, might well

cause fear and alarm for the safety of their undecked sea-dragons, as even well-founded vessels to-day have to make provision for the oncoming of the Egir. Some philologists derive this word from the Anglo-Saxon *egor*, the sea, water. The word *brag* shews a sad case of declension. Bragi was the god of eloquence and poetry, the guardian and patron of bards and orators, but in process of time his name came to signify fluent and honied speech. Thus *bragr Karla* was simply an eloquent man, and a further downward step degraded it as an epithet of vain boasters. So our Norse forefathers knew what *brag* was, just as we know what it is.

When two countrymen conclude a bargain or agreement, there need be no word spoken, only a clasp of the outstretched hand, and the agreement is complete—they have given their hands to it. The following instance is taken from the *Story of Burnt Njal* (900 A.D.) —“Hrut held his peace for some time, and afterwards he stood up and said to Oswif, ‘Take now my hand in handsel, as a token that thou lettest the suit drop.’ So Oswif stood up and said (speaking to Hauskuld), ‘This is not an atonement on equal terms, when thy brother

utters the award, but still thou (speaking to Hrut) hast behaved so well about it that I trust thee thoroughly to make it.' Then he took Hauskuld's hand, and came to an atonement in the matter." So when the most binding covenant (the marriage tie) is entered into, bride and bridegroom join hands at the altar.

The dangerous ridge of rocks known as Filey Brigg, is said to have been built by the devil, who accidentally lost his hammer in the sea. Plunging in after it, he grasped a fish in mistake, and exclaimed "Ah! Dick!" and the fish has borne the name *haddock* ever since, while its shoulders bear the sooty impress of the satanic grasp. In this fragment of folk-lore we have relics of two Norse lays. The hammer gives the clue which leads to Thor, the Thunderer, the rumble of whose car formed the thunder, whose hammer flight formed the lightning, and whose flaming beard formed the streamers of the Northern Lights. The Lay of Thrymm tells us Thor did lose his hammer, that it had to be recovered by diving downwards, for the thief Thrymm had hidden it,

"Miles measured eight
Deep down in mould,"

and he refused to restore it until they brought him Freyja to wife. She would not consent, so Thor was disguised as Freyja, and as the marriage could not be solemnized without the hammer, it was brought forth and placed on the knee of the disguised bride.

“Laughed then the Hard-hitter’s
Heart in his breast,
As hard-hafted hammer
He handled again,
.
.
.
So came at last
Odin’s son to his hammer.”

That a fish should be seized is noteworthy, seeing that when the gods were chasing Loki, he changed himself into a salmon (not haddock), but Thor caught him by the tail.

Belemnites are locally called thunder-bolts. Is this also a relic of the idea which represented Thor as the god who threw thunder-bolts?

The change of Thor into the devil of the legend is easily accounted for, for when the gods of our idolatrous forefathers were dethroned from their seat of honour by a change of faith, they were not deprived of power. They became devils, evil spirits, and ghosts, and maybe they exercised a more marked influence thereby.

Freyja, the goddess of love and purity in the Norse mythology, whose name we have embalmed in Friday, was revered with love and adoration. Dr. Dasent, in "Norse Tales," says, "To that love and adoration, during the Middle Ages, one woman, transfigured into a divine shape, succeeded by a sort of natural right, and round the Virgin Mary's blessed head, a halo of lovely tales of divine help, beams with soft radiance, as a crown bequeathed to her by the ancient goddesses. Flowers and plants bear her name. One of our commonest and prettiest insects is still called after her, but which belonged to Freyja, the heathen 'Lady,' long before the western nations had learned to adore the name of the mother of Jesus."

If Thor has become the devil; if Bragi, the god of eloquence, has degenerated into *brag*; and Oegir, the sea-god, into an *ogre* to terrify children, or into the *egir* of the Humber, it may be that Freyja has become the ghostly White Lady, often headless, so common to the north of England.

The many personal names ending in *son* tell us of a practice adopted in England from Scandinavia, and among others of Norse origin

may be mentioned, Asman, Bee, Beal, Bligh, Bull, Brand, Bugg, Cant, Canty, Cattle, Clegg, Diggle, Dring, Flack, Gamble, Gant, Grice, Gunnill, Healey, Humble, Ingall, Jagger, Kelk, Kettle, Knot or Nutt, Lill, Lundy, Mundy, Pape, Rayner, Raines, Raven, Scaife, Schofell, Spink, Spurr, Starr, Stott, Straker, Swain, Thorold, Thirkle, Thirkettle, Tock, Torr, Turpin, Tutt, Vickars.

Eventually Northmen and Saxon submitted to another Northman, known as William the Conqueror, and Englishmen became the common name of the people inhabiting this country, a name respected and feared abroad, and revered at home.

Yorkshire Castles : Some of their Historic Associations.

BY EDWARD LAMPLOUGH.

FENCING themselves in the wild Northland against warlike Saxon thanes and stubborn peasants, the Normans have left us many memorials of stormy mediæval days.

The frequent surges of Scottish invasion rolled back, or broke before they could reach the Humber, although Scottish spears flashed before the walls of York, and grim baronial fortresses frowned unscathed from savage wastes, where burning villages gleamed red in the distance when night closed over the scene. Built rather to hold the Northumbrians in check, than for the protection of the borders, the Castles of Yorkshire were remarkable for number, strength, and importance. Built on rocky eminences, by the margin of rivers, beside the sea, on storm-wasted cliffs, and in every position calculated to improve the prospect of defence, they are knit into the closest strands of national history—such strongholds as

Pontefract, Scarborough, and York, being only secondary to the national fortresses of Dover and London.

Legend, verse, and romance tend to immortalise these famous Northumbrian fortresses. Coningsborough, not to be described within these limits, was once a possession of Harold Godwinsson, and Sir Walter Scott has set the massive old keep in the glittering pageantry of his "Ivanhoe" with all the grace of the master artist.

Many-towered Pontefract, built of Ilbert de Lacy, a kingly pile indeed, should be depicted against a background of stormy darkness, with a lurid tinge of sunset fire upon its turrets, for it was indeed a place of tragedies. Through its gates passed the rebel Earl of Lancaster, captive to the sword and spear of Sir Andrew Harcla and Sir Simon Ward, after the sanguinary day of Boroughbridge; to emerge again, pallid from a dungeon of endless night, a disgraced and condemned man, the headsman before him, a howling crowd around, his only refuge the ignominious and violent death that awaited him. In such sorrowful plight, but with less ignominy, in later years, when Bolingbroke wore Richard's

crown, the betrayed Archbishop of York passed forth *en route* for his princely palacé of Bishopthorpe, there to bend his neck to the same doom that had overtaken his brother, the Earl of Wiltshire, in the first days of Henry's triumph.

Pontefract was the last prison that housed Richard of Bordeaux before the axe of Sir Piers Exton, or the slower and more cruel pangs of famine, broke down the walls of life, and left only the wan clay, eloquent of cruel death, to be carried to London for the satisfaction of his cousin and his late discontented subjects.

Lord Grey, the Earl of Rivers, Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir Richard Haute, passed through its evil portals in Gloucester's murderous day, leaving hope behind, dead to court and camp, honour and ambition, to be haled forth at the tyrant's command, and meet a death little less tragic and cruel than that inflicted by assassin's steel. In Tudor days the castle became the scene of a strange military pageant, when the pilgrims marched in with banner and cross—the might of the Catholic north—bearing the insignia of Christ's wounds in witness of their holy war. When waiting and cunning had won for the executioner's sword that which soldier's steel had

not dared to attempt, Lord Darcy paid with his life, on Tower Hill, the penalty of surrendering the King's fortress to the pilgrims.

Sandal Castle stands in the foreground of those tragic scenes, fruit of Bolingbroke's ambition, that are grouped around the roses of York and Lancaster. It is the wintry ending of the year, and Duke Richard is cooped within the fortress, with 4000 famous men-at-arms, the flower of the Yorkist chivalry. Outside, Black Clifford and a host of Lancastrians, resolute, impatient, watched the fortress until Duke Richard, tempted by the danger of a foraging party, or stung to action by the sight of an enemy, orders the warders to let down the drawbridge, and issues forth into open field, his falcon banner straining in the blast, amid pelting snow-flakes, all his chivalry behind him. Seldom has bloodier conflict been fought. Hemmed in, retreat cut off, Duke Richard fought out his quarrel to the death. With him fell the flower of his chivalry, and the young Earl of Rutland, happy in his early and honourable death. Thence the Lancastrian lords carried the heads of Salisbury and York to rot over Micklegate bar. Three months later, and young Edward of March

entered the city, triumphant after "the celebration with palms and spears" on Towton Field, and set the headsman to work, replacing the wasted heads of his father and Salisbury with those of Devonshire and Sir William Hill.

Another Yorkshire fortress, Cawood Castle, is said to have been a Saxon stronghold in the days of Athelstan, the bracelet-giver and the lord of jarls and heroes, who trod Yorkshire soil with a huge army at his back, when Anlaf invaded the North, and the defeat of the Saxon King would have entailed a change of dynasty.

We may linger a moment over Knaresborough Castle, standing out boldly from a background of flame and smoke when the wild Scots were over the border in 1319, and burned the towns of Knaresbro and Skipton. During the revolt of the villeins under Wat Tyler, John of Gaunt's wife, Constance of Castile, came to Knaresbro, with torches gleaming redly on the dusky night, for the country was stirred to its centre, and the villeins of Beverley and Scarborough were deeply moved; and her lord's castle of Pontefract dared not open its gates to receive her. The lady abode in Knaresborough Castle until Lancaster returned from Scotland.

The Black Clifford comes before us in association with his castle of Skipton. He it was who slew young Rutland on Wakefield Bridge, and lived to shed first blood at Ferry-bridge, when the great Warwick, central figure of a disordered army, through which fear was working, slew his steed, and vowed that he would there make his stand, befall what would. Clifford, however, fell that day, being smitten on the bare throat by a headless arrow, and so lost his part in the carnage on Towton Field.

Wild war-notes echo around the walls of Clifford's Tower, York, raised from blood and ashes of a city scathed by siege, assault, and famine; but Kingsley has told the story of Danish storm and Norman siege, of Hereward's prowess, and Earl Waltheof's defence.

Bosworth Field opened the gates of Sheriff Hutton Castle to Richard of Gloucester's captives—the children of his brothers Clarence and Edward. Young Warwick passed to the Tower, and judicial murder on the scaffold, to ease the Tudors' jealousy; and his cousin Elizabeth passed to the palace, and by her marriage with the victor united the houses of York and Lancaster, and gave support to the base Tudor blood.

Gladly we pass to that more heroic war, when Helmsley Castle belched from cannon and musket its deadly hail against Sir Thomas Fairfax and his stormers. There fell the gallant soldier, his shoulder shot through by musket lead, and it was long feared that Parliament would lose one of its most daring commanders.

Scarborough Castle, cresting the precipitous cliff by the stormy North Sea, brings us visions of Piers Gaveston, as Pembroke receives his surrender and hurries him from Yorkshire soil to face the headsman with his lifted axe. We see it held in close leaguer by the Pilgrims in Henry VIII.'s days; and again when Westmoreland invests, and compels Thomas Stafford to relinquish the prize so cunningly achieved, and pay for his brief fame the price of his forfeited head. The Stuart times brought heroic days to Scarborough, days of siege and storm, when cannon roared, and fierce stormers came on again and again, until the dark day dawned when the King's flag came fluttering down. In the leaguer, Sir John Meldrum received his death wound during a furious assault delivered on the 17th May, 1645.

We may not linger over Mulgrave Castle, and

its legend of the giant Wada and his wife, and of the tragic death of King Ethelred. Ardulph avenged the man whose dignities he aspired to, in a furious battle with the conspirators, and Wada returned to his fortress, crushed by defeat, to die of a terrible disorder.

Middleham, a seemly stronghold for the Nevilles, passed to Richard of Gloucester when Warwick's crest went down, to rise no more, amid the surges of Barnet. There Gloucester's son Edward was born, and there he compelled the Bastard of Fauconbridge to lose his head, in 1471, although he had received the King's pardon.

During its long history, Richmond Castle never sustained siege or assault. To the security of its strong walls Ralph de Glanville bore his royal prisoner, William the Lion, plucked from the front of the army, during his famous tilting match in Alnwick Fields, A.D. 1174.

Ravensworth Castle is said to be of pre-conquest origin. When Henry V. invaded France, Henry, Lord Fitzhugh, gathered beneath his banner sixty-six men-at-arms and 209 archers, and fought gallantly in his master's quarrel. Boldly and truly he performed his knightly vows, smote Turks and Saracens in the field,

dared the perils of Eastern travel to worship at Jerusalem, and rested after his labours in Jervaux, beside his ancestors.

Bowes Castle carries us back to the Roman occupation, for the castle is supposed to have been built by Allan Niger on the ruins of the Roman station, when a sound of battle was in the land, Cumberland and Westmoreland being in arms with Earl Gospatrick. At Bowes, 500 archers were posted to maintain the King's authority, bulwarked by thick walls that secured them from Saxon axe and sword.

The record grows beyond bound, not admitting a glance at that memorable period when each Yorkshire fortress held for the King, the towns of the west were crushed, the Fairfaxes driven out, and disloyal Hull, with raised bridges and closed gates, defied Newcastle and his cavaliers, and kept open the pathway for Fairfax and his parliamentarians. Sir Thomas returned to the scene of his old exploits, and raised such a storm that Newcastle had to withdraw his blockade of Leslie and his Scots. Days of humiliation followed. Marston Moor destroyed the King's supremacy in the north, and crown and throne went surely down from that fatal day. Over all

Yorkshire cannon boomed, and siege was laid to the King's fortresses, until the last of them hauled down the royal colours.

On the 30th of April, 1646, the order was issued that the following Yorkshire fortresses should be rendered untenable:—Knaresborough, Pontefract, Sheffield, Cawood, Middleham, Bolton, Craike, Helmsley, Wressel, and Skipton: a decision not to be wondered at when the cost of their reduction is remembered—a cost of weary months of siege and storm, with dreadful effusion of blood, to make secure the fruit of Marston, Naseby, and other glorious but sanguinary fields.

York Castle.

BY SIDNEY W. CLARKE.

WHATEVER were the failings of our Roman conquerors, they had at least one, and in those days a great, redeeming feature—they were masters of the art of warfare, as it was practised in their times. Such being the case, they would not be long in possession of their new conquest before recognising the importance of holding, in the heart of the enemy's country, such a naturally strong position as the commanding ground in the angle formed by the confluence of the rivers Ouse and Foss. In the dim and distant past, long before the coming of the Roman legions, the place may have been the site of a rude stockade, raised by woad-stained Britons for the protection of their humble village. But this is mere conjecture; of the existence of York in pre-Roman times we have no record. It is certain, however, that Eboracum, as York was anciently named, was a post of much importance to the Romans during

their occupation of England, and on account of its exposure to the attacks of the still unsubdued and hostile northern tribes it became a permanent military station, and the headquarters of the Sixth Legion. Here Emperors were born, lived, and died; and from Eboracum as a centre, the Romans commenced in the north of England their great work of civilization, the benefits of which we reap to this day. There is little doubt but that it was Roman skill and labour that reared the first castle or fortress at York.

When the Romans were called away to take part in the defence of their fatherland, their place in Britain was, in the course of time, taken by the Saxon and the Dane. It is not until five hundred years have elapsed since the departure of the Romans that the first authentic mention of a castle at York is found. In the year 936 York was the centre of a rebellion against the rule of Athelstan. We are told that the King, after having signally defeated his enemies at Brunanburgh, retaliated upon the rebels by entirely destroying their stronghold—the castle at York. It is not known when or by whom this castle was built, but it has been supposed that it was erected

by the Saxons or Danes upon the site of the Roman fortifications.

York played a prominent part in the troubles that followed the advent on our shores of the Norman invader. When William marched northwards, in 1068, to complete the conquest of England, York submitted at once. To control the city, William had recourse to his usual expedient, he built a castle on the site of the old structure destroyed by Athelstan, and where in later years Clifford's Tower was to stand. The Conqueror garrisoned his new fortress with five hundred picked men-at-arms, under the command of Robert Fitz Patrick and other trusty knights. If York had at first tamely submitted to William, it was not long before the citizens endeavoured to throw off his yoke, and in 1069 they rose and attacked the castle. William hurried to the rescue, defeated the rebels, and for the second time gained possession of the place, where in eight days he built another castle on what is known as the Bail Hill. For a short time York was quiet, but it was the calm before the storm. On the twenty-first of September, 1069, a combined force of English and Danes attacked and captured the two castles, the Norman

garrisons, consisting in all of about three thousand men, being almost cut to pieces, only a mere remnant escaping to carry news of his loss to the King. The first work of the victors was to utterly demolish the castles, and this done, the Danes sailed away with their plunder, and the English dispersed to their homes. William took a terrible revenge. He appeared before the city and demanded admittance, and on being refused, at once commenced to besiege the place. The defenders held out for a time, but were at length compelled by famine to capitulate. William disregarded the terms that had been offered and accepted, and slew every man that had opposed him, afterwards destroying the city, and devastating the entire district between York and Durham. How effectually this was done is a matter of history—men, women, and children died of hunger; not a house was left standing; and for nine years following the spirit of desolation brooded o'er the broad acres of the once fertile Yorkshire. When he had completed his fiendish work, William returned to what remained of York for Christmas, rebuilt the castles, and then turned his back for ever on the county he had ruined.

For the next scene in the eventful history of the Castle we must look to the reign of Richard the Lion-Hearted, when there took place one of those fanatical and bloodthirsty outbreaks of the popular hatred of the Jews that so often disgraced the Christianity of the Middle Ages. For a vivid account of this barbarous event Sir Walter Scott's "*Ivanhoe*" should be referred to, it will be sufficient to here give a mere outline of the painful episode. The example was set by the men of London, who celebrated the coronation of Richard by a rising against the Jews. Other towns followed the lead of the metropolis. At York the mob waited for a favourable opportunity to show their zealous bigotry. During the commotion caused by a fire in the city, the house of one of the leading Israelites was attacked, the inmates massacred, and the premises plundered. The Jews, in alarm, sought the protection of the Castle, which was afforded them by the governor. They quickly removed their families and their valuables to this harbour of refuge, where they might have remained in safety until the storm blew over, but for their own timid fears and foolish conduct.

The governor one day had occasion to leave

the Castle for a short time, and "when he would have returned," says an old account, "he was prevented by the Jews, who feared lest in this time he might have made some agreement with their enemies to deliver them up." This fatal lack of confidence enraged the Governor, and he obtained from the High Sheriff permission to besiege the Castle. "Now was shown the zeal of the Christian populace; for an innumerable company of armed men, as well from the city as country, rose at once and begirt the fortress round." The rabble was led and encouraged in its thirst for blood by several monks and priests, one of whom, at least, was deservedly punished when he was struck by a stone thrown from the battlements, and killed. The wretched Hebrews offered to purchase their lives at a heavy ransom, but to no avail. Then, in their peril, one of their teachers urged them to die for their faith, but by their own hands, rather than to trust to the tender mercies of the Christian wolves who were crowding round the walls. Many determined to follow this terrible advice, and having broken up their vessels of gold and silver, they set fire to the Castle, and then "whilst their companions who had chosen life

looked sullenly on, each man prepared for the slaughter. Being told by their Elder that those who bore the steadiest minds should first cut the throats of their wives and children, the celebrated Jocenus began the execution by doing that barbarous act on his own wife, Anna, and his five children. The example was speedily followed by the rest of the masters of families; and afterwards the Rabbi cut the throat of Jocenus himself, as a point of honour he chose to do him above the rest. In short, the whole crew of miserable men, who had thus voluntarily given themselves up to destruction, slew themselves or one another." Next day the terror-stricken survivors told their persecutors the terrible tale and begged for mercy if they surrendered. The besiegers appeared to relent, but no sooner were they admitted within the gate, than they fell upon and slew every Jew they found. Over fifteen hundred Jews fell victims to the hatred of their fellow citizens. The Castle suffered greatly from the conflagration, but it was speedily rebuilt, and the keep, Clifford's Tower, was soon afterwards added.

In succeeding centuries the Castle was allowed to fall to ruin, but when the struggle between

King and Parliament began, it was repaired and strengthened, and furnished with cannons. It stood a long siege on behalf of the King, but at last passed into the possession of the Parliamentary armies. The end of York Castle as a fortress was near; on the night of the 23rd of April, 1684, a fire broke out in Clifford's Tower, and spreading to the powder magazine, caused a violent explosion, the result of which was that only the outer walls were left standing. The fire was thought to have been the wilful act of the occupants, who had removed from the Tower shortly before its discovery. Since that night, over two hundred years ago, York Castle has only existed as a picturesque ruin, and as enclosing within its precincts various prisons and Courts of Justice.

Castles and Castle Builders : Bolton Castle and the Scropes.

ALTHOUGH characterised by the durability of the material used, and by the excellency of the workmanship, the military works of the Romans have largely disappeared during the mutations of the centuries. What the Roman held he defended, and some remains of military works are yet to be found within the island. Dover shows the flat attenuated Roman brick, laid in uniform courses, and the ruins of Richborough and Pevensey are of surpassing interest. The remains of the great wall of Hadrian may also be referred to as an example of the stupendous character of Roman work, and one which speaks highly for Roman faith, thus labouring to protect one of its remotest colonies from the irruption of barbarian foes.

The British forts or castles were simply round or square erections, crowning the summits of lofty eminences that commanded the surrounding country. The hills were cut in terraces, and

girdled by a wall of stones, sometimes loose, sometimes cemented. For examples, the ramparted hill of Sarum may be referred to, and the Catter-thuns of Angus as described by Pennant.

The Romans not infrequently utilised the sites of ancient British defences, and the later comers, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, during the centuries of convulsion before the Plantagenets were established, frequently built their fortresses over the old Roman foundations. The Saxon is supposed to have built rudely, making use of wood chiefly, and summoning the serf to attend with his axe. Some writers give the keep of Coningsborough as a fine example of Saxon work, but it has also been referred to the Norman Earls of Warren. The comparative ease with which the Conqueror subjugated the North, after the Danes were bought off, and York starved into submission, justifies the opinion of Ordericus that the lack of castles was one reason why the revolts of the English were so easily put down. A very short time sufficed to alter that, as the Anglo-Norman monarchs found to their cost.

Certainly the Normans were great castle builders, and Yorkshire soil affords us abundant

examples of their work. Without defensive works they could scarcely have maintained themselves north of the Humber, as witness the massacre of Copsi, by the first Norman Earl of Northumbria, who, A.D. 1068, entered Durham in triumph with 1200 mail-clad Normans, shedding the blood of Saxon burghers in the mere wantonness of power, but who fell, with all his following, beneath the vengeful Saxon axes that same night.

Of the Norman castle the keep was the principal feature, and it was defended by a double wall, a moat, and a barrier of wooden piles. The entrance was strongly defended by a barbican, drawbridge, gate, and portcullis. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the Norman fortresses not infrequently comprised several strong towers.

Stephen of Blois, to secure his throne, gratified the barons by according them permission to build castles, for it behoved royalty to be exceedingly careful in the conferring of this much-valued privilege; and they were trusted subjects who received the royal licence to fortify their houses or build castles. Stephen was a frank and generous man, despite his usurpation, but the

Conqueror and his sons had experienced so much trouble in the besieging of the fortresses of their rebellious barons, that he might have accepted the lesson and used greater discretion in the matter. In the course of his troublous reign, 1100 castles are said to have been built, doubtless with great oppression of the peasantry, for Norman towers were erected with heavy labour, to resist the flight of centuries and stand the blows of siege and storm. In the building of Windsor Castle, Edward III. called upon each county for its proportion of skilled craftsmen. The building and maintenance of a castle imposed the service known as *Castellorum Operatio*, performed by personal service or payment. Castleward was imposed upon those who lived within the boundary protected by the castle, and it was not unreasonable to call upon them to contribute to the cost of watch and ward.

Thus speaks the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle with respect to Stephen's castles. The traitors "no faith kept; all became forsworn, and broke their allegiance, for every rich man built his castles, and defended them against him, and they filled the land full of castles. They greatly oppressed

the wretched people by making them work at these castles, and when the castles were finished they filled them with devils and evil men." A sad account of the national troubles follows.

Stephen's reign was a long chapter of conflicts and sieges ; but when Henry II. succeeded to the throne, he resumed possession of the grants of crown lands made by the late King ; but had to do it with an army at his back, for many bold barons raised drawbridge, and manned tower and wall against his powers. One by one the new castles fell, and were levelled with the dust. Hugh de Mortimer defended Bridgenorth with spirit, and Henry owed his life to the devotion of one of his followers, who threw himself before his Majesty in time to receive an arrow aimed at the King. The devoted vassal died in Henry's arms, with his last breath imploring the royal protection for his only child, a girl of tender years. In due course Henry honourably fulfilled his charge.

The great barons of England were almost beyond the reach of law, with their strong castles and numerous vassals ; but probably they would compare favourably with the mass of European nobles in respect to their treatment of those who

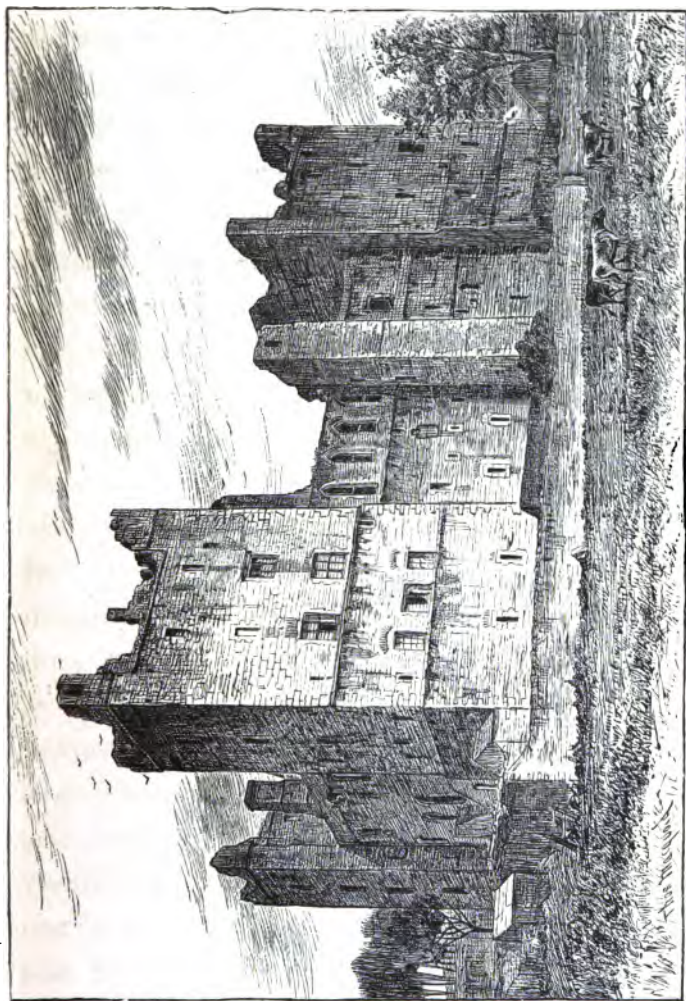
were under their control. The ferocious, lawless, and overbearing spirit of the Scottish barons is abundantly illustrated in the pages of Scottish historians.

The old castles of England are not only interesting in themselves as monuments of a long departed feudalism, but they are doubly interesting in their association with the old English families. Take for an example that strong mediæval fortress, Bolton Castle, the seat of the Scropes.

Lord Scrope, High Chancellor of England, obtained King Richard's licence to fortify his manorial residence at Bolton, in the third year of his reign; and eighteen changeful years swept past before the lordly pile was completed at a cost of 18,000 marks. Patient oxen drew the necessary wood from Engleby Forest, in Cumberland, and the masonry of the castle was calculated to withstand leaguer and storm, should evil days of internecine strife trouble the nation.

The castle builder was a notable man in his day, and had served with the martial Edward in his French wars. The castle was worthy of the man, although it owed all its strength to art. Four towers, connected by a curtain wall, as

shown in the accompanying engraving, constituted the castle. It was further defended by a deep moat. It is chiefly remarkable for its irregularity; no two sides of towers or curtains being equal; and this peculiarity exists in the large turret that projects between the two towers. Indeed there is no pretensions to external beauty, but the solidity of the building, and the height of the towers, invest it with a gloomy but imposing grandeur. Such a fortress might have defended a Louis XI. or served as a prison house for cardinals and barons, caged behind iron bars, like wild beasts. It was indeed, for a few months, the prison of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, A.D. 1568-9; and according to tradition, she had almost effected her escape, but was overtaken and re-captured in the "Queen's gap" on Leyburn shawl. When Bolingbroke landed at Ravenspurne, A.D. 1399, one of the first victims of the revolt against the unhappy Richard was Scrope's son, the Earl of Wiltshire, who was captured in Bristol Castle, with Sir John Bussy and Sir Henry Green. Those unfortunate men had amassed large fortunes by farming the national revenue, and Henry gratified the public hatred by the execution of the prisoners. When



BOLTON CASTLE.

Bolingbroke was established upon the throne, Parliament confirmed the attainder of treason against Wiltshire, and his aged father pleaded with the sorrowful pathos of age for his children, that their honour and inheritance might not suffer. Henry re-assured the aged father with kind and gracious words; but his lordship endured not many more years or sorrows before death came to his relief. The old man retained his affection for King Richard to his life's end, and endowed a chantry in his castle of Bolton, wherein daily service was performed to secure the repose of Richard's soul.

King Henry's hand fell heavily upon the house of Scrope. Another son, Richard, Archbishop of York, headed a formidable rising against the King's authority, and charged him with treason, usurpation, murder, and the withholding of the crown from the lineal heir, the Earl of Marche. The Yorkshiremen so loyally supported their archbishop that the King's army dared not risk a conflict. Prince John and the Earl of Westmoreland accordingly concluded a treaty with the insurgents, but no sooner were they disbanded than he arrested Scrope and others. The betrayed primate was executed at his palace

of Bishopthorpe, on the 8th of June, 1405. Mowbray, Sir Robert Plumpton, Sir John Lamplugh, and other unfortunates, shared the same fate. The heads of Scrope and Mowbray were spiked on York walls.

The family was not ruined by these mischances, and kept well to the front, and one of the Scropes is referred to in the Ballad of Flodden Field :—

“And with the lusty knight, Lord Scrope,
The power of Richmondshire will rise.”

Of the same ancestry were the Scropes of Masham and Upsall, of whom Henry, the third baron, was implicated in the Earl of Cambridge's cruel conspiracy to assassinate Henry V. The traitors were executed at the north gate, Southampton, at the moment when, with favouring winds, the royal fleet sailed from the harbour with the army of Agincourt and Harfleur. Scrope had been a close friend of Henry's, and the indignant King marked his wrath against the traitor by allowing him to undergo all the butchery that punishes high treason. The other conspirators were simply beheaded.

Let us take a last glance at the old castle, choosing for date the 5th November, 1645. It has

· been long and valiantly defended by Colonels Scrope and Chaytor for King Charles, but the provisions are exhausted, the horses eaten, and famine has conquered. Siege works are silent, grim Parliamentarians are drawn up to receive the surrender, and the famine-stricken and war-wasted handful of loyal gentlemen march out with the honours of war, and proceed to Pontefract.

The Barony of Scrope of Bolton expired with Emmanuel, the thirteenth Lord, and Earl of Sunderland, A.D. 1630. The last Lord Scrope of Masham and Upsall, died A.D. 1517, having three sisters, "among whose descendants and representatives this barony is in abeyance."

Ramparts, Walls, and Bars of York.

BY W. CAMIDGE.

“York, York for my monie,
Of all the citties that ever I see
For merrie pastime, and companie.”

THE ancient and historic City of York presents many claims to pre-eminence amongst the cities of England. It is certainly the oldest city of Britain, flourishing nearly two thousand years ago, and is of greater antiquity by centuries than the history of the nation. Central in position, it is still the capital of the largest county, and the most celebrated town of the north of England. It has been the chosen residence of Royalty ; in its early days sheltering the masters of the world, and in later times it has frequently been the temporary home of the kings, queens, and royal princes of the nation, and a chosen spot for coronations. More than once it has been the seat of the imperial courts, and the centre of imperial justice, the birth and burial place of Emperors ; the dwelling-place of

the king's legate, and the centre of the councils of the North. It has been the rendezvous of the greatest generals, and the largest armies of the day, from the Roman legions downwards; the subject of siege, the heart of martial glory, the birth-place of armies and of great military forces, the meeting-place of gemotes, parliaments, councils, and conventions. It has been the abode of monks, friars, and nuns of every order, the treasure home of antiquities, the early abode of literature and of art, the residence of wealth and splendour, the palace of merchant princes, the heart of commerce. Its broad deep river navigable to the sea, on which warships rode and innumerable vessels with merchandise floated, made it the mart of distant lands, the market-place of foreign and English commodities, and the manufactory of goods of many kinds. It is the site of the grandest cathedral of the nation; the cradle of Christianity, and at one time the foundation spot of about forty-five churches, seventeen chapels, sixteen hospitals, and nine religious houses. It has been the birthplace of civil and ecclesiastical dignatories, for all its time the residence of an archbishop, dean, prebendaries, and archdeacons; and the temporary

residence or business-place of the wealthiest families of the county, the chief of the Romano-British cities, and as far as can be ascertained one of the only two cities which bore the title of "Municipium," certainly one of the only two which had a "Lord Mayor." It has given birth to the most wonderful superstitions, and the most remarkable ghost stories, it is and has been the home of freedom, the cradle of the nation's greatness, the birthplace of the nation's histories and laws, the theatre of many meetings in which the destiny of the country and the fortune of kings were involved, especially of the Plantagenet line, staking its all on the Royal family which bore its name.

"The child of Rome, the nurse of Kings! around thy
name has grown

A power of majesty and might, to ancient days unknown ;
Old Tiber saw the world enslaved, and wreck pronounced
her name,

But to old Ebor her grandsons bring the spread of free-
dom's fame.

Rome lived the mistress of the world, to die in shattered
pride

York lives in growing nations' hearts, their mother and
their guide."

The past history of York not only generates
feelings of pardonable pride in its sons and

daughters, but inspires in the minds of all who have any reverence for the things of ancient days, the most profound regard and respect, for it transcends in brilliant achievements and social grandeur all that has been accomplished in other and larger cities; præ-Roman in existence it was moulded into a second Rome when this people grafted themselves upon it, and the spirit and character infused into it by Rome is not yet dead.

Its first effort at defence was probably earth mounds thrown up by the Romans or their predecessors, certain it is that when the Romans settled within its precincts they soon established a permanent camp in the city, and when they had completed the conquest of the north they built a walled station of much smaller dimensions, but of similar character to the present walls, which served all their then needs. This wall building probably occurred about A.D. 79, during the second campaign of Agricola, although the wall did not enclose the whole of the city as the walls did in later days.

In the earliest part of the second century (A.D. 109), York became the headquarters of the ninth legion, and in little more than twenty years

afterwards the military population was increased by the addition of the sixth legion (*Legio Sexta Victrix*), whilst stations or *castella* were established in several of the villages adjacent and more remote. The fortress or military station was established on the north-east side of the river, and the walled enclosure measured about 452 yards in length and 530 yards in breadth, including within its area the ground from Bootham Bar to Holy Trinity or Christ Church in length, and from what is now Monk Bar to the fringe of Coney Street in breadth, taking in what is now Petergate; Minster yard, Ogleforth, College Street, part of Aldwark; St. Andrewgate, the Bedern, Goodramgate, Girdlergate (Church Street), St. Sampson's Square, Feasegate, Jubbergate (Market Street), Davygate, Davyhall (New Street), St. Helen's Square, Stonegate, Little Stonegate, Swinegate, Grape Lane, Blake Street, Duncombe Street, Mint Yard, Museum Street, St. Leonard's Place, and other places. This fortress was dissected by two main roads, one of which ran in a straight line from the present Bootham Bar in the direction of Walmgate, and the other from about the centre of Lord Mayor's Walk to the site of the present Mansion House and Guildhall,

where a bridge in all probability crossed the Ouse. These roads were in direct line with the Roman roads to Easingwold (Eisicewalt) and Aldburgh (Isurium) to Malton (Derventio), to Brough on the Humber (Prætorium) and to Tadcaster (Calcaria), whilst within the walls the Roman palace with all its accessories was erected. To serve these roads the wall was pierced by four openings or gates, one occupying the site of the present Bootham Bar, another situate about midway on Lord Mayor's Walk, but a little nearer to Monk Bar, another was in King's Square, and the other in St. Helen's Square. They were called the Prætorium, Decuman, and lateral gates with towers at each of the four corners.

One of the corner towers is called the "Multangular Tower," and being happily preserved to this day is representative of Roman York. It is now inclosed in the grounds of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, and internally its floor is 8 or 9 feet lower than the ground outside of it, it is a shell of masonry presenting nine faces, and measures 45 feet in its diameter outside; whilst its gorge, which is open, is twenty-four feet inside; like its contiguous

walls (a little of which remains) it is 5 feet in thickness. Additions have been made to its height since its original erection, but Roman work is clearly traceable for 15 feet from its base, and is of rubble, faced on both fronts with Ashlar blocks of stone, of 4 or 5 inches cube. There is also a band of brick in the Roman part of the tower, each brick being 17 inches long, 11 inches broad, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, laid in five courses. On the top of the purely Roman work an upper story of early English work has been erected, which is 3 feet thick, and 12 feet high, and which is composed of larger stones, and pierced by nine cruciform loops, each set in a pointed recess. Branching from this tower, in a south-easterly direction, more than 50 yards of the original Roman wall is still preserved, whilst on the other side of the tower a small portion of the wall has likewise been preserved. There is no rampart discoverable about the Tower or the portions of the wall still intact, and if they ever existed, which is more than probable, the ground about them has been levelled up to their crown. A ditch in all probability did exist outside the original wall, but that in the

lapse of years has disappeared, or rather been filled up.

Another portion of the Roman wall also still exists in the garden adjacent to Mr. Edwin Gray's residence on the west side of Monk Bar, whilst a considerable portion is also laid bare on the property belonging Mr. Daniel Lund close to the east side of the bar. It was unburied in 1860 whilst the foundations for Mr. Lund's property were being dug, and is a most interesting and instructive piece of Roman masonry.

Another short length is untombed further east and nearer to, or somewhat behind, St. Cuthbert's Church. It is more than likely that considerable portions of the original Roman wall still remain buried under the ramparts or earthwork thrown up after the vacation of the city by the Romans. The present walls are generally built a little outside of the original Roman walls, and their foundations are of a much greater height, so that in forming the rampart on which to erect the mediæval walls, the old work would necessarily be covered up with earthwork, as is evidenced by the fact that in the several places where the rampart has been removed in recent years, the Roman wall has been uncovered and

exposed to view. The greater part of the Roman wall which has been laid bare is faced with original Ashlar blocks, and the interior is composed of a very solid cement, or mortar, and cobbles, which are all but immovably fastened together, and remarkably akin to the multangular tower. The Monk Bar portion is apparently built on the level of the adjacent street, but in Roman times that street would be much lower, which fact favours, if it does not actually prove, the idea of ramparts. A mural Roman tower on the line of the walls was discovered some years ago, a few yards south of Bootham Bar, the site of the old Praetorium Gate, but it was removed for street-making purposes.

After the Romans withdrew from York, it is likely that their successors found it necessary for the purposes of defence to throw up earthworks on the right and left banks of the Ouse, especially where no walls existed, and this they did by first digging a broad and deep ditch, the earth from which was thrown inwards, and formed a ridge or bank which varied in height from 15 to 30 feet, with a proportionate breadth. The bottom of this ditch was in most places 40 feet deep, and consequently below the summer level of the rivers

Ouse and Foss, from which it drew its supply of water. The ditch was about 50 yards wide, and surrounded a space more than three times the size of the original Roman area. Beyond the Roman wall it is assumed that nothing but ramparts and ditches existed for some time after this people had vacated the city, and the earthworks on the south-west side of the Ouse were clearly the first to be thrown up ; still the work exhibited in these ditches and ramparts evidence so much of Roman Castramentation, that there can be little doubt about it being executed by the Britons, immediately after the retirement of the Romans ; it was done in all probability in the early part of the fifth century to keep out strangers when Rome had gone. During the eighth century the defences of the city were further increased by the upcasting of two large mounds of earth, on which fortresses of some kind were erected, for in the year 922 Athelstan is credited with seriously damaging a fortress thrown up by the Danes. One of the mounds is situate on the north-east bank of the river Ouse, and upon it Clifford's Tower was afterwards erected ; the other is on the south-west bank, and is called Bayle Hill, on which a

structure at one time existed. These mounds were moated round in the same manner as the ramparts, the ditch around Clifford's mound being fed by the Foss, and the other by the Ouse; the former is 50 feet high, and 100 feet in diameter at the top, with a very steep slope; whilst Bayle Hill is of somewhat smaller dimensions but of similar character, each of them had a lower and larger area or platform, extending from the bottom of the mound to the edge of the moat, and of horse-shoe shape. In the early part of the tenth century the walls were added to, or erected on the ramparts, but the masonry must have been of an unsubstantial character, as little or no trace of it is known to remain. Amongst the first actions of William the Conqueror on his ultimately receiving the submission of the citizens, was to order and arrange for the erection of a castle on each of the mounds to supplant the then existing stockade, the construction of which erection he committed to William Malet, Robert Fitz Richard, Gilbert of Ghent, and 500 selected knights. Whilst no trace of the erection on Bayle Hill now remains, the Clifford mound still bears a most interesting ruin of bygone days. Originally these mounds

were approached by drawbridges, which could be worked at the will of the occupants of the towers, as the need of defence or isolation arose. The Conqueror also set to work to strengthen and rebuild the walls, which survive to this day. Two towers were also built on the Ouse at the west end of the defences, called respectively Lendal tower, and North Street postern tower, from which a strong chain was passed across the river Ouse to guard its passage, and to protect the war vessels lying in the river above this point.

Starting at the Lendal Tower to make a circuit of the city by way of the walls, we no sooner get to the north side of that tower than we come upon a wall built on the ridge of a very high bank, which runs for 114 yards, when, after a short break at the Museum Gates, it joins the Roman wall and continues a few yards more, where it forms a junction with the Roman Multangular tower. Beyond this tower the Roman wall is again utilized, and a new wall joined to it, which after a stretch of 217 yards, runs into Bootham Bar, built on the site of the Roman *prætorium* gate; the whole of these walls were afterwards covered by the fortified area and walls of St Mary's Abbey, including the

two posterns in Marygate, which all stand some little distance in the rear of the City walls, and outside the old City boundary. From Bootham Bar the wall takes a north-easterly direction for 316 yards, and then turning at right angles in a somewhat irregular line, it continues for 340 yards, when it reaches Monk Bar. From this latter bar the wall runs for 262 yards, when it again enters an angle, and continues about 130 yards, turning once more where it formerly terminated in a postern which crossed the road, which when in existence was called Layerthorpe Postern. The river Foss, which in bygone days was a deep and broad stream, running out of the Forest of Galtress, rendered walls unnecessary from this point for a considerable distance. Leland says "For two flite shottes the broad and depe water of Foss, comming out of the Forest of Galtress, defendeth this part of Cyte without Waulle." Two arrow flights may be taken as 432 yards. At the bend of the river a small rectangular tower of red brick commences the wall again, which continues for 332 yards, when it reaches Walmgate Bar, from whence again the wall continues for 370 yards, until it reaches Fishergate Bar, after which it continues about

175 yards, and terminates in Fishergate Postern, soon after it has made a turn at right angles, and changed its course to the north-west. At this postern the Foss was reached again, but in late years a considerable foreshore has been made, otherwise the river, along with the Clifford Tower moat, secured the defence of the City at this point. Castlegate Postern, with a short wall of 70 yards running down to the river Ouse, and ending in a water tower, came next. On the other side of the stream was Skeldergate Tower and Postern, from whence the walls ran about 50 yards, and then at the skirt of Bayle Hill the wall rises somewhat rapidly, leaving the Hill inside with its moat or ditch nearly all round it. The wall is continued for 243 yards when there is another sharp turn westward, from whence it continues for 568 yards until it reaches Mickle-gate Bar ; this portion of the wall is built rather in the rear of the crown of the rampart, and shows more of the erection in the front than at the back. The wall is resumed at the contrary side of the bar, and continues for 152 yards, when it makes a turn at right angles, and runs towards the river for 527 yards, sinking as it reaches the stream, where it ends in a round

tower called North Street Postern, into which one end of the water chain was received.

All along the walls, but at irregular intervals, there are many buttresses, with a number of towers, bastions, bays, turrets, arcades, saliens, etc. During their existence the walls have frequently needed repairs and restoration, as the result chiefly of attacks made upon them, and they display work of every age from the eleventh century. Formerly these repairs were done at the bid of kings and at the city's expense (save once) but in recent years they have been restored by subscription and otherwise, so that they can now be perambulated from end to end with the slightest intermission, and they form a pleasant and interesting walk, much used by both citizens and strangers. The entire circuit of these old-day erections is about two miles and three-quarters, and although one or two short lengths have been removed for the widening of roads, etc., still they are nearly as continuous as ever, and are easy of access. Gates are fixed at each entrance, which are closed and locked every night at dusk, but otherwise they are always accessible. Connected with the walls there are four Bars, and in days past each of them possessed a Barbican,

but the demon of progress has robbed the city of all of them, save one. They are very interesting structures, and at one time formed part of an effective line of defence; they are each erected upon Roman roads, though their claim to be Roman workmanship cannot be sustained; they are in all probability of greater age than the walls which jut out of them, and they are alike somewhat in character, rectangular in plan, of two or three stages, and a central passage, yet each possessing distinctive features. Bootham Bar is 24 feet broad by 21 feet deep; it has two portcullis grooves, and one of the instruments is still in existence: it may be seen to advantage in the room above the gateway, the oak bars are 4 inches by 3 inches, framed in squares of 7 inches, and there is in it a small wicket-gate. There are two chambers or stories above the opening, which makes the bar 46 feet high. The outer portal is flanked by two buttresses, which rise to the upper floor, from which springs two cylindrical bartizan turrets. Each turret is pierced by a long cruciform loop, with a curtain between them, in which are two small square-headed windows, three stone warriors adorn the coping, and the upper stage is adorned by a tablet within a garter

bearing the Royal arms, sustained on the lower stage by shields on either side containing the city arms, the whole of which have been recently restored, painted, and gilded. Buttresses also flank the inner arch, whilst on the first floor are two small lanced openings, with more stone



BOOTHAM BAR.

warriors on the parapet pilasters, whilst Bartizan towers run up the front. The Barbican was 50 feet long, 27 feet broad, and 25 feet high, with two low Bartizans and embrasures having cruciform loops; it was approached by two shoulder-headed doorways from the Bar, but it was pulled down about sixty years ago, on making a new

street from Bootham into the city. This bar is not occupied, as it forms part of the approach to the walls running from Bootham to Monk Bar, and recently opened to the public.

Monk Bar is a massive and handsome structure, 27 feet long, and 35 feet deep, it is 63 feet high to the crest of the turrets, and is of three stories. There was originally a portcullis in it, but it is gone, the winch for lifting it, however, still remains, and also the rebates for two gates. A new front has been added to the inner face, and into this front a shallow recess and platform has been introduced; the roof of the passage has four diagonal and two ridge ribs, whilst outside here are two angles capped from the first floor with Bartizans, each of which is pierced by a cruciform loop. An outer arch projects slightly, on which is built a battlemented screen, bearing the arms of France and England, overhung by an helmet and canopy, and on each side are the City arms, with canopy all recently painted, gilded, and repaired. The top of the outside of the Bar is surmounted by six life-sized figures in the act of throwing down stones, the approach to the rooms is by stairs in the north pier, which serve also as an approach to the walls to Bootham Bar. The

chambers, which are occupied by a police constable, are vaulted, but the Barbican, which was 42 feet long by 27 broad, along with a guard-room on the south-east side, have been removed to make a better approach to the City—the place of the doorway to the guard-house is still discernable; the Barbican had a sally-port on the north-west side.

Walmgate Bar is the only Bar of the four which retains its Barbican. Thirty-five years ago a great effort was made to remove it, so as to improve the road to and from the cattle-market which surrounds it, but happily the effort failed. The Bar is 24 feet broad and 21 feet deep; its passage is roundheaded, and the cover of the passage is constructed of timber; the remnant of the portcullis is shown by an oak bar and the iron teeth. The inside of the Bar is a modern addition, and stands on two massive wood pillars. There is also a wood railing running round the top, at the front, which is also evidently of recent date; at the back there are two angles, which are capped from the first floor, and crowned with circular Bartizans, the arms of Henry V., recently repaired, painted, and gilded, adorn the front, and the City arms the outer entrance of the

Barbican. The Barbican is 56 feet deep, and 24 broad, and the walls are all parapeted, and contain two small circular Bartizans, it also bears the City arms, but they are a modern addition. This Bar suffered much in the siege of York by Cromwell's army, being nearly opposite to part of the attacking forces ; it is now tenanted by a police constable, and formerly had a cottage built in front of it, and another on the south-west side of the Barbican, but they have both been removed within the last sixty years.

Micklegate Bar is accounted Roman workmanship, and whilst some things can be urged in favour of the theory, the evidence fails to be conclusive ; it is 26 feet broad, 35 feet deep, and 53 feet high, it has three floors, and at the outside three embattled turrets, resting on bold sets off which rise considerably above the Bar proper ; they are finished by circular Bartizans, and have cruciform loops ; a square-headed loop is inserted over the outer gate, with another above it, flanked by two of a cruciform character. The coping is capped by three full-length figures, whilst the outer front is adorned by three shields, one bearing the arms of England and France, and two bearing the City arms, with canopy's helmet and lion's head ; the

inside also bears a shield with Queen Elizabeth's arms upon it. They have all been recently renovated and beautified by the Corporation. The barbican has long since been removed, but when in existence it was 48 feet deep, and 27 feet broad, flanking bartizans adorned its high pointed entrance gate. Micklegate Bar, in olden times called Tower Gateway, has especially a record as the spot where rebels' heads were posted after beheading, as

“When York did overlook the town of York.”

The inner ramparts have been greatly encroached upon in past days, and considerable portions have been filched from their proper owners. The walls have in modern days been pierced immediately adjacent to, and on both sides of the Bars, for footpaths and carriageways; and openings have also been made in Nunnery Lane for foot and vehicular traffic, and in Thief Lane for the admission of trains into the old railway station, also in two places below the old station for the passage of traffic and passengers to the new station; and at North Street Postern and Fishergate Postern, for foot and vehicular traffic. An opening was made in the 14th century from what is now George Street to Fishergate,

and a portcullis was fitted into the opening, but the opening was built up again in the time of Henry VII., and remained in that condition until 1830, when it was again opened for the convenience of the newly-erected Cattlemarket. All the Posterns have been removed save Fishergate; and short lengths of walls have also been demolished at the bottom of Skeldergate, also adjacent to Bootham Bar, and at Layerthorpe Bridge end, to meet modern improvements and convenience—

“Time’s gradual touch
Has moulder’d into beauty many a tower,
Which when it frown’d with all its battlements
Was only terrible.”

The Ivanhoe Country.

BY THE REV. GEO. S. TYACK, B.A.

IT happens not infrequently that one makes a fictitious name, under which it pleases him to come before the public in some branch of literature or art, familiar as a household word, the real man being at the same time completely unknown. Somewhat similarly a master in the magic of romance will now and again throw over a district a spell, under which the real human interests that wax and wane there throughout the centuries are hidden by the forms with which his fancy has peopled it. Such a spell Sir Walter Scott, the true "wizard of the north," threw over part of Yorkshire, when he chose the neighbourhood of Rotherham for the chief scenes of "Ivanhoe." To many among us the names of the vicinity recall far other pictures than those which their bustling nineteenth century industry actually presents. We see wide woods stretching away from Rotherham to Doncaster on the one hand and to Sheffield on the other, amid which, at

distant intervals, the towers of Norman keeps or the walls of Franklins' farmsteads glint through the trees or overtop them, while knights and monks, Jews and jugglers, palmers, outlaws, serfs, and all the motley crowd to which the pen, wonderful as a magic wand, has given life, supply animation to the scene.

But Rotherham has no need to dress herself in fictions to become interesting, history's sober robe is not less attractive, if less romantic. In 1643, for instance, one move of the great game then playing out between the King and his "faithful Commons" was made at that town, when the Earl of Newcastle, at the head of the royalist troops, besieged and stormed it; and afterwards, when the Commons cried checkmate, and the game was over, the King, defeated and deceived, passed through Rotherham a prisoner in the hands of the Scots. Almost a hundred years earlier (Jan. 31, 1569) another royal captive, whose story still glows with romantic interest after the lapse of three centuries, spent a night at Rotherham in her progress from one prison to another,—Mary, the ill-fated Queen of Scots. The old town, too, has had noble sons to render her memory famous, foremost amongst whom are

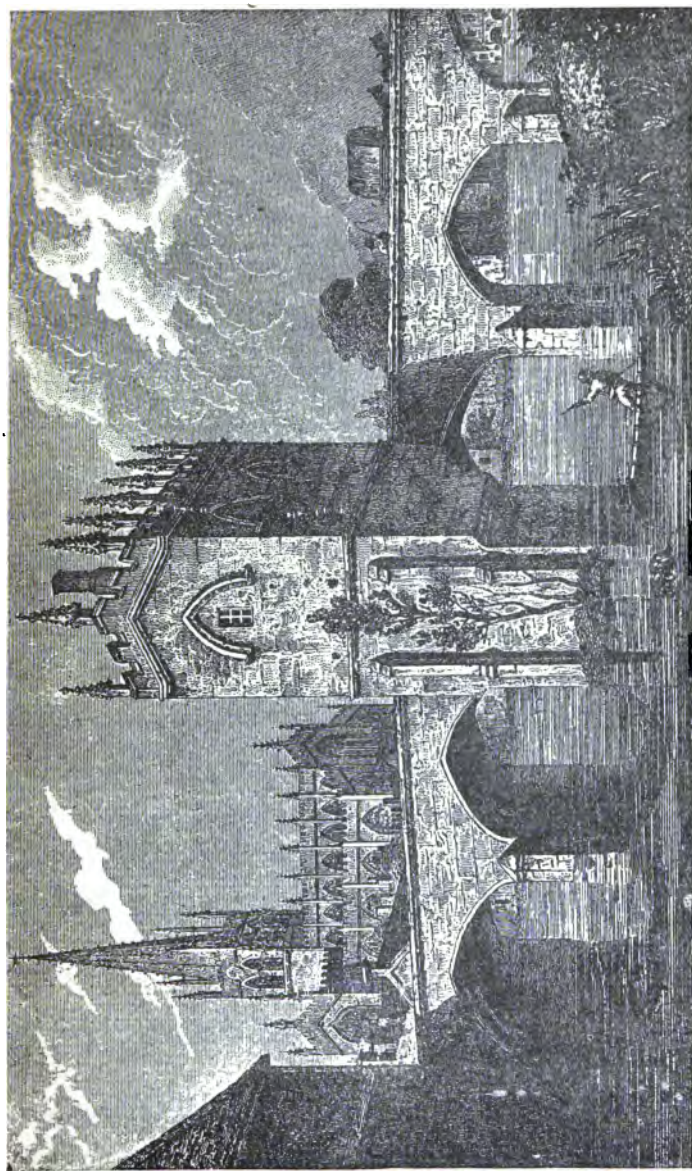
two great churchmen of bygone days. Thomas de Rotherham, was born there in 1423, and became successively Secretary of State, Keeper of the Privy Seal, and Bishop of Rochester (in 1468); in the same year he went as Ambassador to France, and in the following one was elected Chancellor of Cambridge University, an honour thrice more conferred on him between then and 1483; in 1471 he was translated to the See of Lincoln, and finally became, in 1480, Archbishop of York. Two monuments of his bounty he bequeathed to his native town; he founded the College of Jesus, endowing it largely with lands and chattels, all of which were confiscated at the spoliation of chantries and colleges under Edward VI., and to his taste and munificence we owe the grand old parish church, "one of the finest perpendicular churches in the north." *

Had he, too, one wonders, a hand in the erection of the little Chapel of Our Ladye, towards the rearing of which, then "to be built on Rotherham Bridge," John Bokyng, master of the Grammar School, left 3s. 4d. by will in the year 1483? It is not unworthy of the reputation he has earned by his greater works in stone, simple

*Rickman's "Gothic Architecture."

indeed in design and details, yet "wel wrought," as Leland describes it. From chapel to alms-house, from alms-house to prison, and found finally as a shop—such is the story of the profaning of this little sanctuary on the bridge. Has not the time come for the "house of prayer" to be redeemed from its position as "a house of merchandise?"

Curiously enough, the other great ecclesiastic above referred to as hailing from Rotherham also filled the See of Lincoln. The hamlet of Gilfit and the town of Sheffield contend with Rotherham for the honour of Robert Sanderson's birth in 1587, but his biographer, quaint Izaak Walton, gives the palm to the last, and unquestionably he was educated at the Grammar School there. He entered Lincoln College, Oxford, in 1603, became a prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral in 1629, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford in 1642, and at the restoration in 1660 was consecrated Bishop, the nineteenth in succession to the See after his townsman Scott. During the Commonwealth he suffered severe persecution, which will perhaps in part account for his death in 1662, after an episcopate of little over two years. His Oxford lectures are still



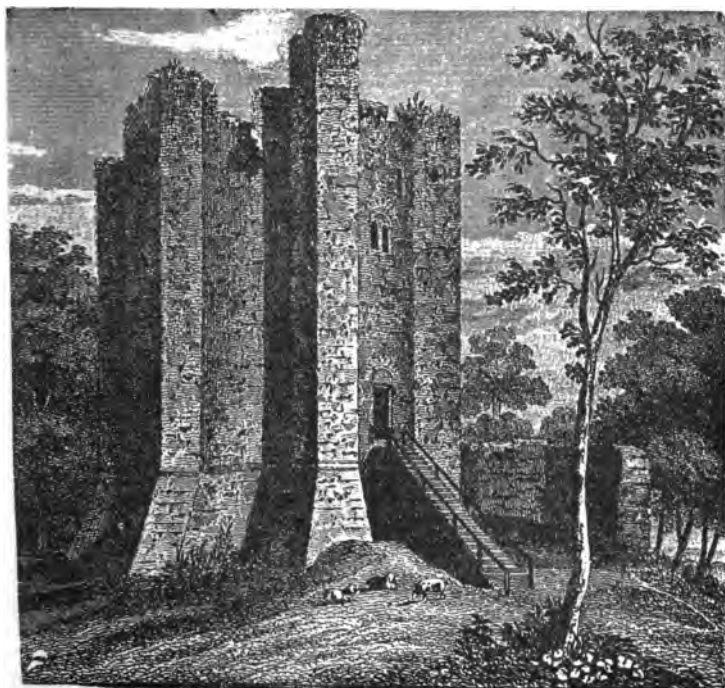
CHAPEL OF OUR LADY, ROTHERHAM BRIDGE.

highly esteemed, and the first preface to the Prayer Book, written by him as a member of the Savoy Conference, bears evidence of his wisdom.

But in thinking of the Ivanhoe Country our minds turn naturally to spots which carry more obviously than the busy town the marks of antiquity and of romantic story ; and chief among these is Conisborough Castle.

We all recall the scenes of rude magnificence, the strange mingling of funeral pomp and noisy revelry accompanying the obsequies of Athelstane, which were so startlingly interrupted by the re-appearance of that easy-going descendant of the English Kings. Of all Sir Walter's graphic pictures, none is more striking than his word-painting of that massive keep with its courtyard and moated walls. Later and more careful investigation (the great novelist's inspection of the place was, he tells us, "no more than a transient" one) has shewn, unfortunately for the story, that Conisborough Castle was in King Richard's time, and long before, in Norman hands, and was probably even of Norman construction. Before the Conquest the estate belonged to Earl Harold, but it was granted by William to his own namesake, the Earl of Warren, who probably

found there a rude fortress largely formed of earthworks reared originally in the earliest English, or even in British times. By him and his successors the site was utilized for the



THE KEEP, CONISBOROUGH CASTLE.

gradual formation of a castle more in accord with Norman habits and the requirements of contemporary warfare. The most interesting portion of the work remaining is the keep, which before

the invention of gunpowder must have been absolutely impregnable, and the erection of which is ascribed by competent authorities to Hameline Plantagenet, half-brother of Henry II., and husband of Isabel de Warren, great granddaughter and heiress of the original grantee.

This keep is built in three storys, with open ramparts above and a dungeon beneath, the latter not subterranean, but simply a windowless cavity in the massive substructure, reached by a hole in the floor above. The first story is also left in darkness, and is gained by a flight of steep steps mounting to the door, 20 feet from the ground. The walls of this, probably a store-chamber, are 18 feet thick. A staircase winding within the walls leads to a second chamber, circular, as is the whole tower, and provided with a fireplace, and two windows pierced through walls 12 feet in thickness. This is the room within which takes place the funeral feast described in "*Ivanhoe*." The third story, consisting of a similar chamber, was the one occupied by Rowena and her maidens as they sat working the silken pall, and chanting hymns for the dead. Lying off this is a little chapel, of oblong hexagonal plan, formed within one of the but-

tresses, with a little vestry on the left side. This is "the small and very rude chapel" in which the bier of Athelstane stood while the kneeling priests sung their requiems; but as we note its groined roof, the carved capitals, the quatrefoil windows, and other architectural features, we take exception to the second adjective; whatever else might be rude within the keep, care and skill were unquestionably devoted to the decoration of the chapel. Close at hand is the little closet (also in the thickness of the wall) within which the widowed Edith is described as keeping vigil for the soul's rest of her son.*

Other sites there are within the district which mark it as the Ivanhoe Country; there is Brinxworth Priory; and Thorp Salvin, near which, it is suggested, stood Torquilstone; and Tinsley, probably Templestowe. But in this brief paper there is no room for conjectural matters; our space barely permits us to enter upon the wide field of certainties.

* Sir Walter seems to place the chapel and Edith's chamber on the second story: they form part of the third.

Knights Templars.

BY J. J. SHEAHAN.

OF course everybody knows that in the middle ages of the Christian Church there existed two great and powerful religious military Orders, otherwise soldier-monks, but all may not be aware of the objects of such extraordinary institutions. One of them is known in history as the Knights Templars and the other the Knights Hospitallers. The Templars is perhaps the most remarkable body, as well as the most familiar to English ears. It was a fighting fraternity from the beginning, whereas the other originally consisted of a few ordinary monks embodied to attend upon sick pilgrims—though in later times they blossomed into a regular military order, acting with and in many ways not very dissimilar to the Templars. At all events the deeds and prowess of the combined fraternities in defence of the Christian faith in the far East were the delight, astonishment, and admiration of Christendom for ages. It is a singular fact

that in both bodies were strangely blended the character of the monk with that of the soldier.

Close upon 300 years after the death of our Lord, certain excavations were effected in and about Jerusalem at the instance of St. Helena, mother of the first Christian Roman Emperor, Constantine the Great; and amongst other singular discoveries then made, the sacred tomb of the Divine founder of Christianity was laid bare. Over and about it Constantine built the great Church of the Resurrection, afterwards changed to that of the Holy Sepulchre. Ever since those remarkable events took place it has been considered by Christians, especially in the middle ages, a pious act to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the various spots hallowed by the sacred feet of the Redeemer, and consecrated by his presence. As the nations became Christianized this spirit increased, so that at length it was considered something like a disgrace by the rich and strong to omit this then considered necessary act. Consequently the powerful, the lordly, and the rich visited Palestine. They generally went in bodies—*vulgo* gangs—for protection, or when in small parties, accompanied by stout attendants, as the Eastern Dick Turpins

were numerous and always on the alert. Many rich men who could not travel gave grants of land to the Church or to the Templars, in lieu thereof. An instance of the latter is to be found, as it were, at our "own door." About half a dozen miles from Hull is a small remnant of the once splendid and richly-endowed Abbey of *Melsa*, or *Meaux*, which was founded in 1150, by William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle, and Lord of Holderness—"who having made a vow to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and being in consequence of increasing corpulency unfit to perform such a journey, built and endowed this monastery in commutation of his vow."

When Palestine was conquered by the Arabs in 637, that fierce people respected the religious spirit of the pilgrims; but in 1065 the Holy City and its territory fell into the hands of semi-savages—the Turcomans—both the native Christians and the pilgrims were fearfully oppressed. The citizens were driven from their churches, above 3,000 of them were indiscriminately massacred. Divine worship was intercepted, and the pilgrims were generally plundered and frequently murdered. The repeated reports of those atrocities produced a deep sensation

over the whole of Christendom. The first naturally to take alarm was the Byzantine monarchs. In 1073 the Greek Emperor approached the Pope on the subject, with many expressions of profound reverence and respect; but circumstances interposed. However his successor, Pope Urban II., succeeded in thoroughly arousing the religious chivalry of the nations, and aided in a great measure by the burning zeal of a simple monk (Peter the Hermit) who was a native of Amiens, in France, and who had made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and witnessed the cruelties perpetrated by the Turks, and then travelled through Europe preaching everywhere to crowds in the open air—producing the most extraordinary enthusiasm by his impassioned descriptions. Pope Urban then held a Council at Clermont, in France, in 1095, at which the first crusade to Palestine was ordered.

From all parts of Europe thousands and tens of thousands flew to arms at the summons of the Father of the Faithful—nay, millions, hurried to the Holy Land. Men of all ranks, “the flower of European chivalry,” journeyed eastward to rescue the Sepulchre of Christ from the abomination of the heathen; and in 1099, the joyful

intelligence reached Europe that the Crusaders had captured Jerusalem ! But though the foe had been driven from the city they did not leave Palestine, but took possession of the lofty mountains bordering on the sea coast, and maintained themselves in various impregnable castles and strongholds, from whence they issued forth upon the highroads, cut off the communication between Jerusalem and the seaports, and revenged themselves by the indiscriminate pillage of all travellers. In a word, between those marauders and the wild Bedouins, who on their fleet Arab horses, made frequent incursions from beyond the Jordan, and kept up desultory and irregular warfare in the plains, the pilgrims, coming either by land or by sea, were alike exposed to hostility, to plunder, or to death.

It was to succour those pious enthusiasts from the dangers to which they were exposed that the Hospitallers, and subsequently the Templars, were called into existence by the religious and military fervour of the period. The Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem were instituted about the year 1090 by some Italian merchants, who did a lucrative trade with Palestine. These good Italians purchased a piece of ground in the

Christian part of the city, and built thereon two hospitals for pilgrims of either sex. Though the monks were not *military*, but merely male nurses, yet to that complexion did they come at last; and that does not seem so very astonishing when one learns that they had always, not only to attend the sick in hospital, but to contrive to protect them from the robbers long before they reached the hospital—and that Pope Innocent II. published a Bull, dated 1130, calling upon the bishops and clergy of the Church Universal to give them aid, as they were then retaining at their own expense a body of horsemen and foot soldiers to defend the pilgrims in going and coming from the Holy Places. We read, too, that in the year 1168, the character of the fraternity “was entirely changed;” hence it may be pretty safely concluded that it was about that time the nursing monks became a military body—though it must be stated that their duties towards the hospitals were not then discontinued. The Order of St. John of Jerusalem still exists in places “over-sea.” The Knights of Malta are still to be found at that place, and the present existence of the Knights of Rhodes is but more or less a questionable matter. Those Knights

were Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. The Hospitallers had many fine establishments in England (including Yorkshire) and possessed considerable property there. A large portion of the property of the Knights Templars reverted to them by grant.

In 1842 was published an excellent and most erudite work—"The History of the Knights Templars, the Temple Church, and the Temple," by C. W. Addison, Esq., of the Middle Temple, and in it the learned author states "that it is acknowledged that the Templars have filled one of the most interesting and romantic periods in the records of the world," and that it is "the most extraordinary and romantic body known to history." The order was founded early in the twelfth century by Hugh de Payens, and eight other noble French Knights, for the protection of the Holy Sepulchre, and of the pilgrims resorting thither. This holy society in arms renounced the world and its pleasures, and took the usual religious vows in the Church of the Resurrection, in the presence of the Patriarch of Jerusalem. Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, granted them a place of habitation, they called themselves "Poor Soldiers of Jesus Christ," and

a little later (in 1118) the King removed them to more distinguished quarters, within the sacred inclosure of the Temple on Mount Moriah. Then the "poor soldiers" became the "Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon," and in some years afterwards they were called Knight Templars, or Knights of the Temple. They received at the same time the fine Church of the Virgin within the precincts of the Temple. The fraternity had wisely chosen the before-named—Hugh de Payens—"a valient soldier, who had fought with credit and renown at the siege of Jerusalem"—their superior by the title of "The Master of the Temple;" and the rule for their observance, as given in Mr. Addison's history, and sanctioned by the Pope in 1128, was very austere and stringent.

The Templars having received from the King, the Patriarch, and Prelates of Jerusalem, as well as from the Barons of the Latin Kingdom, various gifts and revenues for their maintenance and support, began to entertain more extended views as regards their sacred duties; for instance, the just-mentioned Latin Kingdom, consisting of a great portion of the Holy Land, then under Christian control, received serious attention, as

the hostile tribes of Musselmen, which were everywhere surrounding it, were gradually recovering from the stupefying terror into which they had been plunged by the success of the first crusaders, and were now assuming an aggressive and threatening attitude. Hence the holy warriors determined, in addition to the protection of pilgrims, to make the defence of the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem, of the Eastern Church, and of all the holy places, a part of their particular profession. This, on the authority of Mr. Addison. The time seemed ripe for such a movement. The name and reputation of our soldier-monks in the East had speedily spread throughout the West, and various illustrious pilgrims from Europe aspired to become members of the far-famed Templar body. The authorities, too, in Jerusalem, foresaw the advantages that would accrue to the Latin kingdom by the increase of the power of those warriors, and even King Baldwin II. exerted himself to extend the order throughout Christendom, so that he might, by means of so politic an institution, keep alive the holy enthusiasm of the West, and draw a constant succour from the bold and warlike races of Europe

for the support of his Christian throne and kingdom.

In 1128, the Master of the Temple, Hugh de Payens, visited the King of England, Henry I., at Normandy, and Mr. Addison tells us (on the authority of the "Saxon Chronicle") that the King received the distinguished Templar "with much honour, and gave him much treasure in gold and silver;" and that afterwards he sent him into England, where he was "well received by all good men, who gave him treasure; and in Scotland also; and that they sent in all a great sum in gold and silver by him to Jerusalem; and that there went with him and after him so great a number of men as never before since the days of Pope Urban." Hoveden, another historian, confirms this statement. Grants of land, etc., were made at the same time to Payens and his brethren, some of which were afterwards confirmed by King Stephen on his accession to the throne in 1135.

Before his departure from England, Payens established in London, without Holborn Bars, the first house of the order in Britain. Over it he placed a Prior, who received the power of admitting members into the community: and as

houses of the Temple increased in number in England, sub-priors came to be appointed, and the superior of the Order here was then called the Grand Prior, and afterwards the Master of the Temple, *id. est*, the London Temple.

After having laid in Europe other foundations of the great monastic and military institution, which was destined shortly to spread its ramifications to the remotest quarters of Christendom, Payens returned to Palestine, accompanied by a valiant band of newly-elected Templars, drawn principally from France and England; but, in 1136, shortly after his arrival, the clever Master died, and his successor, though a skilful and valiant general, was unable to sustain the tottering empire of the Latin Christians. And so the brave Templars were soon worsted with overpowering numbers in several battles, and many of their fortresses were captured. The important principality of Edessa fell into the hands of the enemy, and after much slaughter the Latin Kingdom was almost shaken to its foundations. The Prior of France, who now became Master, convened a general Chapter of the Order at Paris, which was attended by Pope Eugenius III., Louis VII., King of France, and many prelates,

princes, and nobles from all parts of Christendom. The second crusade was there arranged. St. Bernard was commissioned to preach it, and with the sanction of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Templars assumed the blood-red cross—the symbol of martyrdom—as the distinguished badge of the order. From this they were afterwards called the Red Cross Knights, and sometimes Red Friars. At this famous assembly various donations were made to enable the Templars to provide the sinews of war more effectually—one was the grant of an estate in Hertfordshire, made by Bernard Baliol, and shortly before this date the Dukes of Brittany and Lorraine and the Counts of Brabant and Fourcalquier had given to the order various lands and estates. In fact, about this period their possessions and power continued to increase in every part of Europe.

Preparations were now quickly made for the departure of the crusaders to the Holy Land. The Master collected all the brethren of the Western provinces; the French King, as well as Conrad, Emperor of Germany, raised powerful armies; and the start was made. Conrad elected to proceed a different route; but in Asia his army was attacked by the Turks and cut to pieces.

He escaped in a marvellous manner, and reached Jerusalem with only a few attendants. The others arrived in safety, and soon laid siege to the splendid city of Damascus, which was defended by the great Nouredin, Sultan of Aleppo. The siege was a prolonged one, and we know but little of its incidents, except that its end was disastrous. To be correct, we must say that the second crusade was a miserable failure, though it is said that their united numbers were estimated at 1,200,000 fighting men. King Louis and the remnant of his army returned to France.

The English nobility were well represented in this sad failure. Among them were the two renowned warriors Roger de Mowbray and William de Warrenne. The former was one of the most powerful and warlike of the Barons of England. On this occasion he fought under the banner of the Temple, and in admiration of their piety and valour he gave the holy warriors of the order, on his return to England, many valuable estates and possessions, several of which were in Yorkshire. "These donations," Mr. Addison informs us, "were truly magnificent." And about the same period King Stephen of England and

Matilda, his wife, "granted and confirmed to God and the Blessed Virgin Mary and to the Brethren of the Knights of the Temple of Solomon, at Jerusalem, four manors, two churches, two mills, some common pastures, etc., etc." In 1152, Ralf de Hastings and William de Hastings gave them lands at Hurst and Wykham, in Yorkshire, which were afterwards formed into the Preceptory of Temple Hurst, near Selby. William Asheby granted to them the estate whereon the house and church of Temple Bruere were afterwards erected. In a word, the order at this period rapidly increased in power and wealth in England, and in all parts of Europe. All this proves that the failure of the crusade did not lessen in public estimation the Order of the Templars.

The war continued to be carried on briskly by Templars, Hospitallers, and the forces of the King of Jerusalem. The enemy invaded the territory of Antioch, and threw their garrisons into several strong places. The Prince of Antioch and all his nobility were slain in battle, and Noureddin sent the head and right hand of the Prince to the Cailiff of Bagdad. The banner of the enemy waved for a time on the summit of the Mount of Olives, but in a night attack

they were defeated with terrible slaughter, and pursued all the way to the Jordan. Alone and unaided the Templars attempted to take by storm the important city of Ascalon, but they were surrounded and overpowered by the Infidels, and slain to a man. The Christians were now fighting generally at great disadvantage as regards numbers. They were mostly overwhelmed by the number of the enemy. Mr. Addison says that volumes might be written on the number of fierce engagements and the valour of both Christians and Pagans, and that the extraordinary feats of slaughter and capture recorded of them are almost numberless. To give one or two instances. In June, 1156, the Templars, drawn into an ambuscade whilst marching near Tiberius, 300 of them were slain on the field, and eighty-seven taken by the enemy, among the prisoners was the Master of the Temple, and his brother, the Marshal of the Kingdom. Shortly afterwards thirty Templars put to flight, slaughtered, or captured 200 Infidels; and in a night attack on the camp of Nouredin, they compelled that famous chieftain to fly without arms and half naked from the field of battle. Writing of the valour and military enthusiasm of

the Templars, Cardinal de Vitzry, Bishop of Acre, says, "When summoned to arms they never demanded the number of the enemy, but where are they?" And he continues "Lions they are in war, gentle lambs in the convent, fierce soldiers in the field, hermits and monks in religion. They may be frequently read of as being always foremost in the field, and the last to retreat."

Here we introduce a new and most remarkable character, to whom has been accorded the credit of having given the death blow to the Kingdom of Jerusalem and the power of the crusaders. This famous personage was a young Kurdish chieftain who had made himself Sultan of Egypt, and who aspired to the presidency of the Mahomedan world, and whose name was Salah-Eddin, shortened to Salladin. He, commanding an army of 40,000 horse and foot, invaded Palestine in 1187, and commenced ravaging the southern borders. He then besieged the City of Gaza, but the warlike monks suddenly and unexpectedly threw open the gates, made a sally on the enemy's camp, and performed such prodigies of valour that the infidel leader abandoned the siege and retired into Egypt. In

1175, Neureddin died, and Saladdin became Sovereign of Egypt and Syria, and very soon levied an immense army, and again planted the standard of Mahomet upon the sacred territory of Palestine. Great and numerous deeds of valour quickly followed, which want of space denies us the pleasure of recounting or even of glancing at. Sufficient to say that the Templars, Hospitallers, and other Christian forces fought defiantly and valiantly for a long time, but in the end they were defeated with immense slaughter. A great battle had been fought at Ascalon, much of Palestine was destroyed by fire and the sword, many of the houses of the Templars were pillaged and burnt, several of their castles were taken by assault, and the Latin kingdom was in a deplorable condition. In this sad state of affairs, Saladdin, then distracted by the intrigues of the Turcoman chieftains of Syria, agreed to a truce for four years, in consideration of the payment by the Christians of a large sum of money. In this interval a grand council was held at Jerusalem, at which it was determined that Heraclius, the Patriarch, and the Masters of the Temple and the Hospital should proceed to Europe to endeavour to obtain succour from the western Princes, but

more especially from Henry II. King of England. At Verona, during the journey, the Master of the Temple fell sick and died, and the others landed in safety in England early in 1185. The English monarch received them kindly at Reading, and promised to bring the whole matter before his Parliament. The Patriarch and his companion then proceed to London, where the former consecrated the original—the circular portion—of the new Temple Church near the present Fleet Street. He also consecrated the Church of the Knights Hospitallers at Clerkenwell. Parliament assembled the next month in the Monastery of the Hospitallers at Clerkenwell, but the barons objected to a pilgrimage of the King to Palestine, in consequence of his old age, but they, however, offered to raise the sum of 50,000 marks in furtherance of the cause of the Templars. This reply caused great consternation amongst the Eastern Christians.

Meanwhile Saladdin had been vigorously preparing for the renewal of the war, as in May 1187, it re-commenced. A bloody battle was fought near the brook Kishon, but a great conflict near Tiberius a little later, was terribly decisive. After the conquest of nearly forty

cities and castles, many of which belonged to the military orders, Saladdin laid siege to Jerusalem, which lasted fourteen days. The once formidable number of warriors of the Temple had been reduced to "two miserable knights with a few serving brethren." The surrender took place on October 2nd, 1187, and the profanation of the Temple that followed was awful.

After the fall of the Holy City the war was continued in various parts of the country. Several strong places resisted the Mahometans, and during 1188, the two fraternities of Knights of the Cross played important parts against some extraordinary exertions of Saladdin. A third crusade had been preached in Europe with considerable effect, and the King of England sent a large sum of money for the defence of Tyre. In the spring of 1189, the Grand Master of the Temple, with a large force of his brethren and retainers, laid siege to the famous Citadel of Acre, and Saladdin quickly hastened to its relief. A fierce and bloody conflict—the first of nine pitched battles—took place, with various fortune, near to Mount Carmel, and it is computed that during the first year of the siege 100,000 Christians were slain. During its second year,

the royal fleets of Richard Cœur de Lion of England and Philip Augustus of France floated in triumph in the noted bay of Acre. Six weeks after the arrival of those fleets this great stronghold was surrendered to the Christian leaders. The English monarch now resolved to re-take Jerusalem, when the march to Jaffa formed a continuous conflict of eleven days. "On the great plain round Jaffa and Ramleh took place one of the greatest battles of the age. On all sides (writes an eye-witness) as far as the eye could reach from the sea-shore to the mountains nought was to be seen but a forest of spears, above which waved banners and standards innumerable." The victory of the Christians was mainly owing to the personal prowess of the English lion-hearted King. By his valour and exertions, too, Gaza, the ancient fortress of the Templars, was recovered from the Saracens and garrisoned by the soldiers of the Templars. Richard now, acting upon the advice of the Templars and Hospitallers, abandoned the march on Jerusalem. Saladdin then laid siege to Jaffa, but the town was relieved after many valiant exploits were performed. The ratification of a treaty then took place, whereby the Christians

were to enjoy the privilege of visiting Jerusalem as pilgrims, and Tyre, Acre, and Jaffa, with all the sea-coast between them were yielded to the Christians. King Richard now left Palestine, and the Templars then commenced the erection of various strong fortresses, the stupendous ruins of many of which remain. "To narrate all the exploits of the Templars," writes Mr. Addison, "would be to write the history of the Latin Kingdom of Palestine, which was preserved and maintained for the period of ninety-nine years after the departure of Richard Cœur de Lion solely by the exertions of the Templars and Hospitallers." Gibbon, on this subject, says, "The firmest bulwark of Jerusalem was founded on this strange association of monastic and military life, which fanaticism might suggest, but of which policy must approve. The flower of the nobility of Europe aspired to wear the cross and profess the vows of those respectable orders; the spirit and discipline were immortal, and the speedy donations of 28,000 farms and manors enabled them to support a regular force of cavalry and infantry for the defence of Palestine."

St. Mary's Abbey, York.

BY GEORGE BENSON.

THE ruins of the once famed Benedictine Abbey dedicated to the Virgin Mary are situated on the north bank of the river Ouse, just outside the walls of the picturesque city of York, and are under the protection of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. When compared with the Abbey of Fountains, Rievaulx, or Kirkstall, the remains appear small, consisting mainly of the north aisle of the nave (as seen in the illustration). They form a part of the church erected in the thirteenth century, and are a beautiful example of the architecture of that period, and well repay careful study. Their history may be said to commence in 1074, when three monks, named Aldwine, Elfwine, and Reinfrid came to the city of York, leading an ass laden with manuscripts and vestments, such as were necessary for divine service and the sacraments. They came from the Abbey of Evesham, with the intention of visiting the old religious houses in Northumbria. The

monasteries and many of the churches had been laid waste, owing to the incursions of the Vikings and petty wars amongst the chiefs in the northern province; a few churches had been rebuilt, but a monk was unknown to the inhabitants, as no monasteries had been revived.

The monks entered the city and made their way to the official residence of the Lord Lieutenant, who received them, and acceded to the request they made to be furnished with a guide to Monkchester (Newcastle). Subsequently they proceeded northwards, and obtained the patronage of the Bishop of Durham, took up their abode at Jarrow, the home of the Venerable Bede, where, having gathered a congregation after the Benedictine model, the monks separated in order to extend their labours. Aldwin went to Durham, Reinfrid to Streaneshalch (Whitby), while Elfwine returned to York, and restored the monastery originally founded by the conqueror of Macbeth, the brave Siward, Earl of Northumbria, of whom Shakespeare says:—

“An older and a better soldier, none that Christendom
gives out.”

—*Macbeth*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Twenty-four years before the visit of the

monks to York, Earl Siward had founded a church on the north bank of the river, outside the city fortifications. The place was known as Galmanhoe, for on it stood the gallows, where criminals were executed. The church was dedicated to St. Olaf of Norway, who, from a sea-rover had become a Christian king. In 1055, the valiant Siward died, his last request being "put on my impenetrable coat of mail, gird on my sword, put on my helmet, my shield in my left hand, and my battle-axe in my right." His injunction was obeyed. On the day appointed for the funeral, the corpse, followed by his son Waltheof as chief mourner, and a procession of warriors, was taken to the church he had founded, and there interred.

During the siege of York by the Normans, the city was set on fire, and the monks fled from the monastery of St. Olave, six of them taking refuge in the Abbey of Crowland.

In 1087, Alan of Brittany, Earl of Richmond, gave the monastery of St. Olave, with four acres of land adjoining, to a pupil of Reinfrid of Whitby, Stephen by name, who re-founded a religious house at Lastingham, but giving offence, was driven away by Earl Percy. At York,

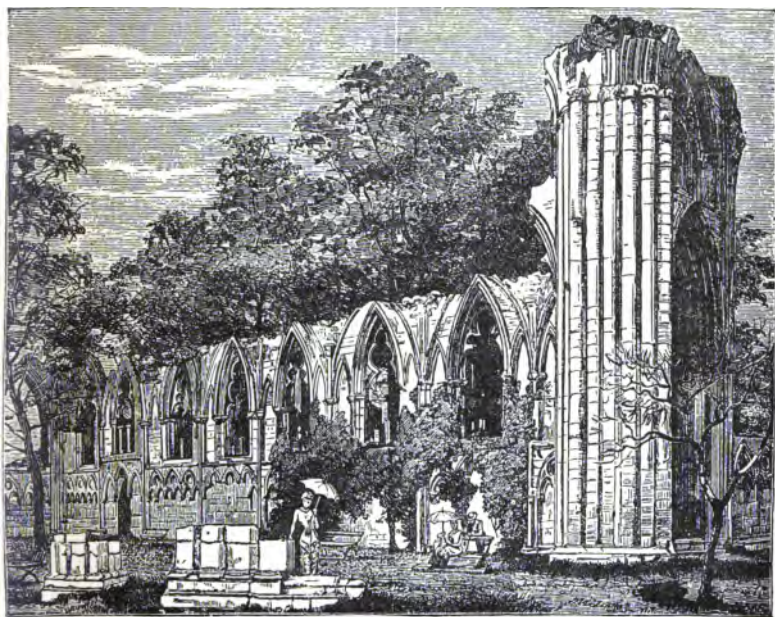
Stephen began to re-found the monastery of St. Olave; the Archbishop, however, disputed the right of Earl Alan to give the site, claiming the four acres as the property of the church. The cause was carried before the king, and the dispute arranged. The next Earl of Richmond became a generous donor to the monastery, so that they were enabled to prepare for the necessary buildings.

William Rufus being on a visit to York, laid the first stone of the Abbey Church, dedicating it to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and enriching it with many grants. The royal example was followed by private benefactions, Stephen, the first abbot, left the monastery in a flourishing state when he died in 1112.

Some of the monks being displeased with the laxity of discipline in the monastery in the year 1132, appealed to the abbot to check the growing evil. This reached the ears of the offending brethren, who made matters very unpleasant for the reformers; they sought an interview with the Archbishop, who resolved to visit the monastery and hold an inquiry into the alleged misconduct.

The Archbishop on the day appointed rode to the Abbey Gatehouse, attended by the Dean,

Archdeacon, Treasurer, and other dignitaries of the Cathedral, along with the Prior of Guisborough and the Master of the adjacent hospital of St. Peter. Leaving their horses at the gateway, they walked towards the Chapter House,



ST. MARY'S ABBEY, YORK.

and were received by the Abbot, who, however, protested against anyone entering but the Archbishop and his clerks. The Archbishop remonstrated, at which the crowd in the Chapter House created an uproar, hooting, screaming, and

rushing towards the Archbishop, who then placed the Abbey under an interdict. "Stop it for a hundred years," one of the monks shouted, and then arose the cry of "catch them" and the would-be reformers were seized. After a struggle, the Archbishop, with his attendants and the thirteen reformers, left the Abbey.

The Archbishop befriended the outcasts, and subsequently gave them a plot of ground near his manor at Ripon, on which they founded the abbey of Fountains, adopting the stricter rule of the Cistercians, who had in 1131 planted a colony at Rievaulx.

Simon de Warwick became Abbot of the Monastery of St. Mary in 1259, and placed it in greater security from attacks by the citizens, between whom and the monks were frequent quarrels owing to privileges claimed by the Abbey. The brethren had also to fear incursions from the Scots when making raids on the city, so in 1266 the Abbot built the walls and towers surrounding the Abbey Close. In 1270, at the rear of the Norman Church, he laid the foundations of a new choir, which he lived to see completed at the end of twenty-two years. The Norman Church was taken down and re-built in the beautiful decorated

style of Gothic architecture. In 1278, the Archbishop granted an indulgence to those who contributed to the building of the Tower, which is supposed to have been surmounted by a spire of wood covered with lead. The windows in the north aisle of the nave are similar to those in the north aisle of the choir of the Benedictine Abbey at Selby. Abbot Thomas of Malton, in 1334, by building a wall along the river side, completely walled in the abbey precincts.

The monastery was surrendered on November 29th 1540 to the King, without any opposition, by William Dent, the last abbot, the clear yearly income at that time being £1650 0s. 7½d. There were then fifty monks, including the Abbot, Prior, and Sub-Prior, and only one novice, with probably one hundred and fifty servants. The monks received pensions from the king according to their rank, the Abbot 400 marks, the Prior 20 marks, the Sub-Prior and one of the monks who had the degree of a Doctor of Divinity received £10 each, the remainder had sums varying from £6 13s. 4d. to £5. The whole sum granted to them amounted to £573.

The abbot enjoyed the dignity of a mitre, and

was summoned to parliament, and lived in a corresponding state. Whenever he left the monastery he was attended by a numerous retinue; he possessed country seats at Deighton and Overton, and had a park at Benningborough well stocked with game. He had a house in London near St. Paul's Wharfe, where he resided while in attendance to parliamentary duties.

The abbey was retained by the crown, the monastic buildings were partially destroyed to make way for a royal palace. In 1701, the monastery furnished stone for the county gaol, again in 1705 for the repairs of St. Olave's Church, whilst in 1717, the Corporation of Beverley were permitted to carry away during the space of three years what stone they required for the repair of the Minster at that town. The beautiful church was fast disappearing; the nave north aisle wall was found convenient as a rifle butt during shooting practice; at last a very effective mode was found to remove all traces of the abbey, by the erection of a lime kiln near the remains of the church, into which the beautiful sculptured stone was thrown, and converted into lime. The abbey close afforded sites for

shows, circuses, and was a general recreation ground.

In 1822, the Yorkshire Philosophical Society was founded; they took means to acquire the abbey close, which they eventually effected, and then explored the site.

Byland Abbey: Its Historical Associations.

BY EDWARD LAMPLOUGH.

IT is the memorable year of the Battle of the Standard. Stephen is engaged with his barons, for the first note of civil war has been sounded, and the Scots have poured over the borders. Among those who fly before them are twelve Cistercian monks, and Gerald, their Abbot. Their hands are hardened by labour; doubtless the odour of blood and ashes clings to their feet and raiment. A rude waggon, drawn by oxen, contains all their little property of priestly vestments and a few treasured books. For four years they have laboured at Calder, a colony from Furness Abbey; but the rude Scots have entered the land, shearing off priestly heads by scores, and Gerald has fled before the storm. First he led the weary fathers to Furness Abbey, but it closed its gates against them; and now, under providential guidance, they enter Thirsk, for repose and refreshment, before they continue their journey, for they have decided to lay their

case before the aged Archbishop Thurstan, and solicit the counsel and guidance of his wisdom.

In Thirsk they met the widowed mother of Roger de Mowbray, who extended to them kindly succour and patronage. But the times were troublous, and young Roger was a minor. First they were planted at Hood, near Kilburn; then pasturage at Cambe and other places was provided for them. During this unsettled period they were deprived of their Abbot by death, A.D. 1143. He was succeeded by Roger, and Byland on the Moor, or Old Byland, was granted to the little brotherhood. Building was not commenced at Old Byland, it being within sound of the bells of Riveaux Abbey. Five years the patient brethren waited, and then migrated to the neighbourhood of Oldstead, where they erected a stone church and cloister, and received from Roger de Mowbray several generous benefactions, including two carucates of land and the patronage of the churches of Thirsk, Hovingham, and Kirby-Moorside.

A.D. 1150, the Abbots of Furness and Calder preferred a claim of jurisdiction over them, but the Abbot of Riveaux, being appointed arbitrator, gave his decision in favour of the monks.

Their probation came to a conclusion in 1177, when they were located in a valley beneath the Hambleton Hills, near Coxwald, and commenced the erection of the fair Abbey of Byland. To its peaceful shelter in later years came baron Roger, a time and war-worn man, to lay his helm aside for ever, and sheathe his Crusader's sword. But when the old warrior died, and they buried him near his mother, their honoured patroness, Gundræ, they carved his good weapon upon his tomb. In 1819, Martyn Stapylton sought out his tomb from the *debris* of the ruined abbey, and re-interred the Crusader's dust at Myton.

The romantic history of Wymond the Saxon is closely associated with Byland. He was an obscure Saxon, one of the monks of Furness Abbey, but attained to some fame as a transcriber and illuminator of missals and MSS., his labours being highly valued by the monasteries. It was no weakling that bent to this student's task, but a tall, well-knit, handsome man, whose heart throbbed with human pride and ambition. What dreams of achievement passed through his active mind, as he laid on his pigments with deft hand, may be guessed from his after-history.

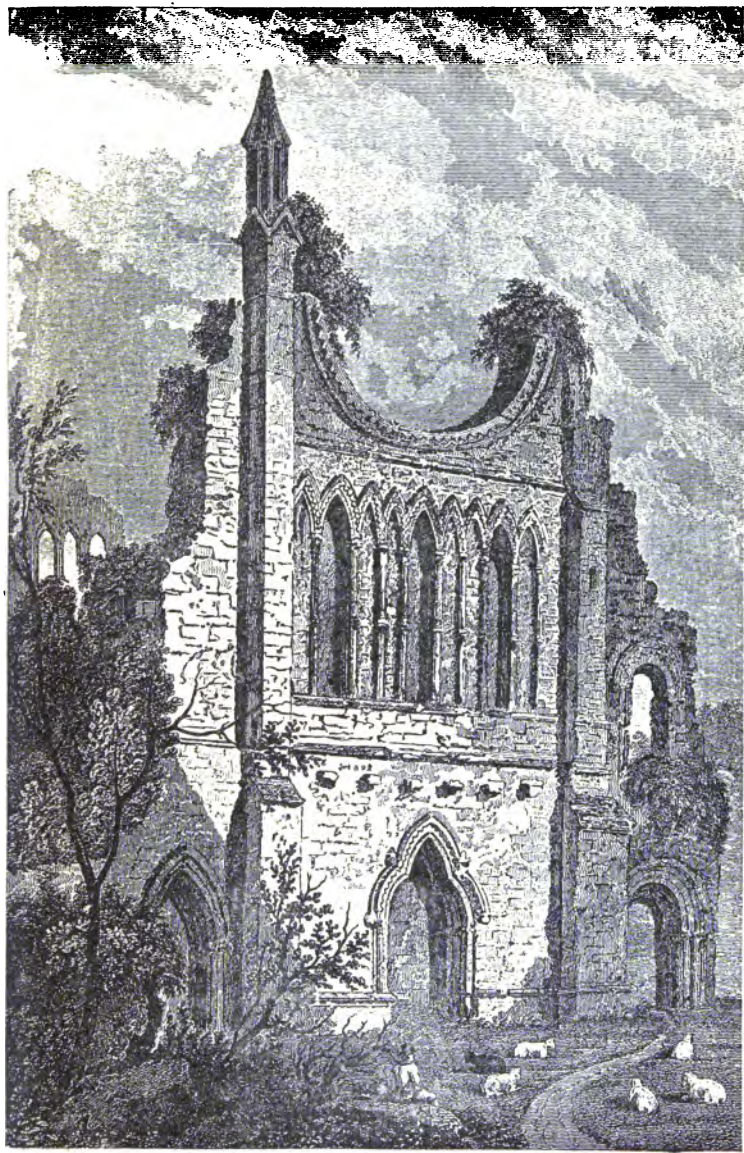
Olave, King of Man, having bestowed a portion of land upon Furness Abbey, Wymond was despatched, with certain companions, to advance the interests of religion in that locality. His ability, eloquence, and fine person made so profound an impression upon the Manxmen, that they desired his appointment to the office of bishop, and his name, Weymundus or Reymundus, accordingly heads the list of Bishops of Sodor and Man. Fired with an ambition common to the age, but utterly inconsistent with the Christian character, Wymond laid claim to the crown of Scotland, alleging himself to be son of Angus, Earl of Moray, slain in the preceding year at the Battle of Strickathrow, while prosecuting his claim to the Scottish throne, in right of his heirship to Lulach, son and successor of Macbeth.

Unfurling his banner in the name of Malcolm Macbeth, Wymond was seconded by the Manxmen, and supported by many valiant soldiers of fortune. Embarking his forces in large boats, he made many piratical descents upon the Scottish Isles, and even harried the mainland of Scotland with fire and sword. Somerled, Lord of the Isles, bestowed upon him the hand

of his daughter, and the lady bore him several children, the eldest of whom he named Donald Macbeth.

King David sent valiant knights and men-at-arms against the adventurer, but he eluded all attempts to bring him to an engagement, and, when the enemy retired, renewed his predatory incursions. The northern bishops secured themselves by paying him a tribute, but on one occasion one of the fighting bishops met him in the field, felled him to the earth by stroke of axe, and dispersed his army with great slaughter. Wymond, however, escaped with the remnant of his army, and soon reappeared with a fresh force of Islesmen at his back, and was ultimately bought off by the King, who granted him certain lands and possessions.

At length he was seized, deprived of sight and virility, and surrendered to King David, who held the maimed and blind hero in Roxburgh Castle for many years. Afterwards he was sent to Byland Abbey to end his days, but he does not appear to have repented of his fraud and ambition, nor do the brethren appear to have regarded him as a great sinner, for when logs blazed on the hearth, and winter winds howled



BYLAND ABBEY,

wildly outside, the monks were gratified by his stories of wild adventure by sea and land, and according to William of Newbridge, "He was wont to boast merrily that he was never overcome in battle, save by the faith of a silly bishop." "Had they left me but the smallest glimmering of light," he would conclude, "my enemies should have small cause to boast of what they did."

Years passed, and Somerled armed to prefer the claims of his grandson, but was defeated by Earl Angus and the Lord High Steward, and slain. About the same time Donald Macbeth was captured and imprisoned. Even more remarkable than their career was the lenity extended to the pretenders.

The Battle of Byland Abbey was fought A.D. 1322.

After the Earl of Lancaster's defeat at Boroughbridge, and execution at Pontefract, the Scots ravaged the border with merciless severity to increase the difficulties of King Edward, who was taxing his great resources to organise another expedition against Scotland.

The English spread over a naked and deserted land, with pomp of mailed thousands, gleaming

with horrent spears, and gay with banners, pennons, and armorial bearings. Their march was bloodless, one lame bull was the sole spoil obtained between the English border and Edinburgh, and justified the blunt sarcasm of the veteran Warenne, "By my faith, I never saw dearer beef."

Threatened with famine, the army retired, and the famished soldiers sickened by thousands when their wants were supplied from the magazines. In the course of a few days 16,000 men perished. The remainder were encamped around Byland Abbey, a strong and healthy position.

King Robert followed hard upon their tracks, and on the 14th of October, while King Edward was dining in the Abbey, surrounded by his captains and nobles, a sudden din of battle brought their repast to a termination. The Scots were upon them, with Douglas and Randolph in the van, attempting to storm the chief pass and key of the English position. Sir Thomas Ughtred and Sir Ralph Cobham took the front, and made an heroic defence, while the Earls of Pembroke and Richmond directed the operations of the army with equal skill and spirit.

While the attention of the English army was occupied by the attacking forces of Randolph and Douglas, King Robert led a chosen band of Highlanders against their rear and flank, scaled the cliff before he was perceived, and by a furious charge routed the army. There was some furious fighting and sanguinary slaughter before the army broke away in wild flight. Many English knights surrendered their swords, chief of whom was the Earl of Richmond. Edward, well mounted, spurred off for York, with Walter Stewart and 500 horse hard after him. The King won the race, however, and was safely housed in York, while Stewart and his bold riders hovered about the walls, reluctant to depart. A French knight, Sir Henry de Sully, fell into King Robert's hands, and his influence assisted in bringing about the conclusion of the peace, or thirteen years' truce, ratified at Berwick, on the 7th of June, 1323.

The old Abbey flourished until Henry VIII. pensioned off the twenty-four monks and their abbot at the dissolution in 1540. The revenue was £295 5s. 4d.; and the bells, lead, and furniture of the monks, with 516 ounces of plate, were sold. The site was bestowed upon Sir

William Pickering, and afterwards passed to the Stapyltons.

The Abbey is now a ruin ; its arches have fallen, its pillars add their fragments to the heaps of *debris* that thickly cover the graves of the distinguished dead who received burial within its walls. The archæologist and antiquary may trace its ancient walls, and restore it to their inner sight in all its ancient glory, but to the careless it is only a mass of useless ruins, scarcely more interesting than the cottages that have been erected from its fragments. The ruined walls that have not yet succumbed to decay are suggestive of its old-time beauty, and the accompanying engraving shows the west front, with its somewhat low and narrow doorways, the central one terminating in a trefoil arch, that on the north in a pointed arch, and that on the south in a semi-circular arch. Over the central doorway rise nine narrow, lance-headed arches, three of which form windows. They are surmounted by the remains of the splendid circular window, capped by clinging ivy, and strengthened by buttresses and octagonal shafts; that on the north side having resisted the ravages of time, rising complete from base to pinnacle.

Robin Hood in Yorkshire.

BY CHARLES A. FEDERER, L.C.P.

"I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure
they are true."

— *Winter's Tale.*

PERHAPS no personality, true or fictitious, ever took such firm hold of the popular imagination of mediæval England as that of Robin Hood. As a redresser of the wrongs of the people, and champion of the oppressed, and endowed with that combination of craft and animal courage which ever gains the sympathy of the crowd, his name was an household word throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Though current tradition points to Nottinghamshire as the county of his birth, and though the scene of the best known of his exploits has to be laid in that county, yet a great part of his adventurous life was spent within the borders of Yorkshire. Sherwood Forest, the *shire-wood* in which the boundaries of three shires meet, was,

by its immense extent, its intricacies, and its remoteness from the centres of government, an ideal retreat for all those who for one reason or another shunned walled cities and beaten highways. From its southern margin in Nottinghamshire, Robin and his merry men could roam unchecked through an uninterrupted expanse of *greneshaw*, on the one side past Wakefield and Ripon as far north as Wensleydale and Teesdale, and on the other to the Hambleton Hills and the Yorkshire sea-coast.

This is not the place to enter into a dissertation on the much vexed question who Robin Hood really was : whether a solar myth, as is seriously contended by Canon Isaac Taylor ; or an Earl of Fitzwaryn, whose well authenticated adventures in the reign of King John certainly bear a striking resemblance to the *gestes* of Robin Hood, as is argued by Mr. Prideaux ; or a generic term representing the remnants of the old British people skulking in the woods, and watching for opportunities of swooping in true Indian fashion on Saxon and Norman wayfarers, as is plausibly surmised by Mr. Wheeler ; or really Earl of Huntingdon, as all the ballads and traditions unanimously affirm, and as has been

demonstrated with great circumstantiality and much plausibility by Mr. Stredder in *Notes and Queries* (7th s., vol. iii.) We simply take Robin Hood on the faith of our ancient ballads, and present him to our readers as he is presented to ourselves by the popular traditions, and referring more especially to his *dedes and gestes* within the county of broad acres.

Robin Hood, or, as the name originally stood, *Robin-a'-Wood*, i.e., Wild Robin, was of Yorkshire descent, for

“The father of Robin a forester was,
And he shot with a lusty strong bow,
Two north country miles and an inch at a shoot,
As the Pindar of Wakefield doth know,”

and his relationship to the prioress of Kirklees, together with various incidents in his career, point to the conclusion that his earliest years were spent in the neighbourhood of Wakefield. It was as a young man, too, that he, with two other youths, fell upon the before named Jolly Pindar, who administered such sound correction to all the three of them. It is also probable that the encounter with the lusty shepherd, in which both he and little John were signally defeated, took place in his earlier years on one of the

lonely sheep walks of Craven, or North Yorkshire, for we presently find him in Fountain Dale, near Ripon :—

“And coming to fair Fountain Dale,
No farther would he ride ;
There was he aware of a curtal fryar,
Walking by the water side.”

From the description of this redoubtable friar, he must have been a lay brother, appointed to the post of forest ranger on account of his great strength and agility :—

“The fryar had a harness good,
And on his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him well.

“The curtal fryar had kept Fountain Dale
Seven long years and more ;
There neither was knight, lord, or earl,
Could make him yield before.”

Here again Robin is worsted in the single combat which takes place after the amusing episode of the friar's carrying him over the river Skell, and being carried back in his turn astride of Robin, whom, to finish up with, he soused in the river. It is certainly a curious and significant circumstance that in every fair stand up fight which Robin had in Yorkshire he was invariably worsted, and

owed his escape only to the timely intervention of his merry men, and we may fairly infer from it that at the time of his residence in Yorkshire he had not yet attained the maturity of strength which he subsequently displayed in the midland counties.

We are not concerned to relate Robin Hood's well-known exploits in Nottinghamshire, but pass on to a later period of his life when circumstances compelled him once more to repair to the scenes of his early youth. A serious effort was at last made by the king's government to put an end to the intolerable anarchy which kept so large a part of the kingdom without the pale of the law. The king's forces converged upon Sherwood Forest, and

“ Then said little John, 'tis time to be gone,
And that to another place ;
Then away they went from merry Sherwood,
And into Yorkshire they did hie ;
And the king did follow with a hoop and halloo,
But could not come him nigh.”

At this critical period Robin and the remnant of his men made for the moors of north-west Yorkshire, where he was certainly safe from pursuit, for the Hambleton Hills were then, as they have been almost to our own days, as impenetrable and

as unknown a country as the central regions of Africa. From these moors, now bleak and bare, but of yore covered with dense forests, the wide expanse of the North Sea is everywhere in view ; a succession of lovely bays soften the rugged outline of the iron-bound coast, and give precarious



THE PRIORY LODGE, KIRKSTALL PARK.

foothold to picturesque fishing villages. Upon one of the largest of these bays, midway between Scarborough and Whitby, converge a number of dells, each with its own tiny streamlet, entirely secluded from the inland part of the county, and until recently accessible by sea only.

Fylingdales is the collective name of this romantic district in which Robin Hood and his followers took up their abode for a time, and many are the legends which are still current respecting their doings in these quarters. One of the most interesting is the one which relates how Robin turned fisherman and sea-rover :—

“Now, quoth Robin Hood, I’ll to Scarborough go,
It seems to be a very fine day.
He took up his inn at a widow woman’s house
Hard by the waters grey.”

The ballad recounts how he proved but a lubberly sailor and fisherman, unable to bait his lines, and so sick that he exclaims :—

“O woe is me, . . .
The day that ever I came here ;
I wish I were in Plumpton Park
A-chasing of the fallow deer.”

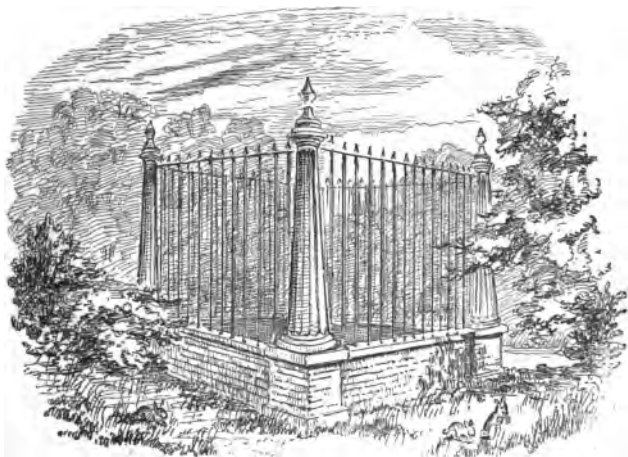
But when a French warship comes upon the scene, Robin’s fighting instincts make him rise superior to his circumstances :—

“Master, tie me to the mast, he said,
That at the mark I may stand fair,
And give me my best bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.”

He dispatches with his arrows one Frenchman after another, and then boards the ship in which

he finds "twelve thousand pounds of money bright," with which he is reported to have endowed a seaman's hospital at Scarborough.

Longing to return to the scenes of his former exploits, Robin attempted to establish himself again in the West Riding, where he began again to shoot the king's deer, despoil bishops and



ROBIN HOOD'S GRAVE.

lords, vex sheriffs, and to generally set the laws at defiance. But not long with impunity; for the king sent "a trusty and worthy knight, Sir William by name," who, with his archers, fought a pitched battle with Robin Hood's men, and although the ballad reports the issue as undecided:—

“ . . . , one party they went
For London with free good will ;
And Robin Hood he to the Green Wood Trees,
And there he was taken ill,”

yet it is easy to read between the lines that poor Robin was defeated and seriously wounded.

“ He sent for a monk to let him blood,
Who took his life away ;
Now this being done, his archers they run,
It was not time to stay :
Some went on board and crossed the seas
To Flanders, France, and Spain,
And others to Rome, for fear of their doom.”

According to tradition, the battle took place near Wakefield, and Robin took refuge with a cousin, who was prioress at Kirklees Nunnery, and who is accused of having wilfully allowed him to bleed to death. We give an engraving which represents the remaining small portion of the nunnery within which Robin is stated to have breathed his last. At the distance of a “bow shot” therefrom is Robin Hood’s “grave,” shown in our second engraving. It is somewhat unfortunate for the authenticity of this burial, that a careful examination of the ground has revealed the damaging fact that the pediment of the cross (which undoubtedly did stand here) rests on the solid natural rock, excluding all possibility of

interment. The epitaph, “said” to have been here, reads as follows :—

“Here undernead dis laitl stean
laiz robert earl of huntingtun
near arcer ver az he sa geud
an pipl kauld him robin heud
sik outlawz az he and hiz men
vil england nivr si agen.

Obiit 24 kal. dekembris 1247.”

The following epitaph is given in the ballads :—

“Robert, Earl of Huntingdon,
Lies here, his labour being done ;
No archer like him was so good,
His wildness called him Robin Hood.
For thirteen years and somewhat more
These northern parts he vexed sore :
Such outlaws as he and his men
May England never know again.”

The Pilgrimage of Grace.

By W. H. THOMPSON.

NO monarch ever ascended the English throne with a better replenished exchequer than Henry the Eighth. Yet, owing to luxurious living and extravagance, he, during the first twenty-five years of his reign, managed not only to squander all the wealth his thrifty, penurious father had left him, but also other vast sums of money which he had extorted from his people in the shape of so-called "benevolences" and forced loans. Further revenue had thus still somehow to be raised.

About this period of financial difficulty arose Henry's rupture with Rome, on the question of his marriage with Anne Boleyn. The breach became irreparable, the king declared himself head of the English Church, and whilst remaining on most essential points of faith a Roman Catholic, still threw his political influence on the Continent in with that of the Reformation party. And now came a splendid opportunity to the

unscrupulous monarch for making unprincipled gain. The Church at this time in this country was enormously rich. Not only were there scattered all over the land, magnificent abbeys and religious houses, but the property, landed and otherwise, which these possessed, was most extensive in every direction. The anti-Reformation attitude adopted by the ecclesiastics as a body, now gave the avaricious Henry a most plausible excuse for plundering them. They denied his supremacy, and attacked his conduct; and everywhere opposed his schemes. Little wonder the king raged; but with his rage were mingled a cupidity and greed, in which he was seconded by the man who henceforward became his especial instrument in the work of spoliation. That man was Thomas Cromwell.

In March, 1536, a bill was hurriedly passed through Parliament, granting to the king and his heirs all monastic establishments, the clear value of which did not exceed £200 per annum. By this act, it has been calculated, no fewer than about 380 religious houses were dissolved, and £32,000 revenue was added to the annual income of the crown. And as events proved, this confiscation was only premonitory of the

great final spoliation of the monasteries and abbeys, which was to take place some three or four years later. This latter abolition, however, lies beyond the scope of our narrative.

The superiors of the suppressed communities were promised small pensions, all monks under twenty-four years of age were absolved from their vows, and turned adrift into the world; the rest, if they wished it, were distributed amongst the larger houses still, in 1536, left standing; whilst the nuns were left to beg or starve, with nothing given to them, save to each a common gown.

Henry's conduct in this matter, and his reforming tendencies in general, gave the greatest possible offence to a large section of the people, particularly in the northern counties, where for a long period after this, the old church retained its hold. The discontent naturally was fomented by the crowds of monks wandering over the country without a home or means of subsistence, who found ready listeners to the recital of their wrongs in the vast population, which had been accustomed to draw alms from the very ecclesiastics who themselves were now beggars. Finding their former means of lazy support withdrawn, the people became

thoroughly disaffected, and it was not long before insurrections arose.

The first rising was in Lincolnshire. It was led by Dr. Mackril, the Prior of Barlings, and by a man who called himself Captain Cobbler. In a very short time the movement assumed most alarming proportions. Twenty thousand men quickly rose to arms, and so formidable was their array that the Duke of Suffolk, whom the king sent to suppress the insurrection, thought it wiser to temporise with them rather than to hazard an encounter. He demanded of the men of Lincolnshire what their grievances were, and it was in response to this request that they presented a list of six articles of complaint to the king. Foremost amongst these was the suppression of the monasteries, "Whereby," it was stated, "the service of God is not only diminished, but also the pooralty of your realm be unrelieved, and many persons be put from their livings, and left at large, which we think is a great hindrance to the common weal."

By entertaining these proposals, and forwarding the petitions to court, Suffolk, on the strength of fair promises, was able to stem the first fury of the insurgents. He not only managed to gain

time, but he also succeeded in spreading dissension amongst the malcontents, so that when Henry replied, he was able to adopt quite a high and lofty tone, giving an absolute refusal to all their demands. The haughty and threatening character of the king's response appears to have stricken the Lincolnshire rustics with fear, for by about the end of October they had all dispersed, having delivered up fifteen of their ringleaders to satisfy the royal vengeance. These were afterwards executed as traitors, with the barbarities customary in that age.

Before, however, this insurrection had been quelled, a far more important one broke out north of the Humber. Not less than nearly 40,000 men, it was calculated, took to arms, and in this case several powerful leaders soon came to the front. First amongst these was Robert Aske, a gentleman of ability and of good family birth. The Askes were highly connected, being cousins of the Earl of Cumberland, whose eldest son, Lord Clifford, had recently married a daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, and niece therefore of the king. The manner in which Robert became implicated in this rebellion was, if we may trust his own account, somewhat peculiar. He had

been spending a short time with young Sir Ralph Ellerker, of Ellerker Hall, near Brantingham, one of a hunting party then staying there. Early in October he left the place with the purpose of returning to London, to be ready for business after the long vacation, for he was a barrister in good practice at Westminster. His route lay across the Humber, by the ancient Roman ferry, from Brough to Whitton. In Lincolnshire, somewhere near Appleby, he encountered a party of the rebels. They demanded who he was, and on his replying, compelled him to take the popular oath.

From this statement it would appear he first joined the movement rather against his will, or under compulsion. Anyhow, once having committed himself to the insurgents, he forthwith commenced to take energetic measures. It was not long before he perceived the hopelessness of the Lincolnshire rising; and now the rebellion having begun to spread like wildfire in Yorkshire and the counties north of the Humber, he turned to organising in this direction. It was he who gave a religious character to the northern rising by styling it the "Pilgrimage of Grace." Priests marched in the van, in the garb of their different

orders, carrying crosses and banners, on which were emblazoned the figure of Christ on the cross, the sacred chalice, and the five wounds of the Saviour.

Amongst other leading spirits besides Robert Aske, were Sir Robert Constable, of Flamborough, William Stapleton, of Beverley, John Hallam, of Cawkell on the Wolds, and William Wode, Prior of Bridlington.

The first great rendezvous in Yorkshire of the insurgent host was Market Weighton Common. Here Stapleton, at the head of 9,000 men, from the surrounding towns and villages, and the district of Holderness, joined Aske, who from this time was the acknowledged commander-in-chief.

One of the earliest steps taken was an attempt to gain Hull for the cause. In this, however, the rebels for some time were unsuccessful, and whilst Stapleton was left to lay siege to the town, the main body of malcontents crossed the Derwent and marched on to York. There the citizens almost to a man were in sympathy with them, and Aske was allowed to take possession without opposition.

Lord Darcy of Templehurst, subsequently



THE PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE.

the acknowledged second great leader, up to this period had held Pontefract Castle on behalf of the king, but it was well known his sympathies were with the rising. On the night that York surrendered, therefore, he sent a messenger to Aske for a copy of the oath sworn by the insurgents, and promising, if the articles thereof pleased him, to join the confederacy. He continued, however, to formally retain Pontefract for the crown, and as it seemed he was halting between the two sides, not committing himself thoroughly to either, Aske decided to march on that town. He felt he was secure in the north, having received news that the people of Durham were in arms, and hastening to join him with Lord Latimer, Lord Lumley, and the Earl of Westmoreland. On the other hand, he had tidings that Lord Shrewsbury was being sent by the king to reinforce Pontefract, so he realised that if the place was to be gained, and Darcy won thoroughly over to their side, prompt action must be taken.

The same day as Shrewsbury was to have arrived, Pontefract Castle passed into the hands of the rebels, Darcy, the Archbishop of York, and every man, high and

low, within the walls taking the common oath.

Hull, too, at length was gained, and there similar proceedings took place as at York. Stapleton and his army marched through the streets of the town, and after a thanksgiving service at Holy Trinity Church, the vacant dormitories in the suppressed St. Michael's Priory, and the Black and White Friaries were again peopled with ejected ecclesiastics. After seeing Hull strongly garrisoned with men of his party, Stapleton left it in the hands of Hallam. Then he departed, gathering forces *en route*, and joined Aske at Pontefract.

At this latter place the army of insurgents was re-organised, and divided into three bodies. The first, some 5,000 men, was under the leadership of Sir Thomas Percy, brother of the Earl of Northumberland; the second, a vast division of 20,000 men from Holderness and the East and West Ridings, was under Aske himself and Lord Darcy; whilst the third was a splendid array of 12,000 knights, esquires, and yeomen, largely from the county of Durham, well mounted, and in complete armour.

It is no wonder that Shrewsbury did not

venture to fight with such a host. Remembering the success of the king's proclamation in Lincolnshire, he decided now to try a similar experiment by sending the Lancaster herald with a message to be read at Pontefract Market Cross. But, although the messenger was received, no repentance followed the reading of his proclamation. He only brought back glowing accounts of what he had seen and heard of the enemy's strength. They were, he said, "a marvellous great number, the best harnessed and the best horsed in the world, and kept the best order of battle; that 10,000 of them had horses worth twenty angels sterling apiece."

On the banks of the river Don the two armies met, and there for two days lay watching each other. At length, instead of engaging in hostilities, commissioners from each host met on Doncaster Bridge, midway between the two, and it was then arranged that delegates from the insurgents should proceed to London, accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk, who, though not identified with the Pilgrimage of Grace, yet agreed in heart with the rising. Until the king's reply was received an armistice was decided upon, it being understood that in the

meantime the musters on both sides should be disbanded.

The delegates who were to lay the grievances before the throne were graciously received by the king, but were given no immediate answer. They were detained fourteen days, and meanwhile letters were sent to the different insurgent nobles pointing out the dishonour they did themselves by serving under such an one as Aske. The services also of a great number of additional troops were secured for the crown. When on the 14th of November Henry dismissed the people's representatives, it was only with "general instructions of comfort," it being stated that Norfolk himself would at the end of the month return to the north with the sovereign's final reply.

In due course Norfolk returned to the north with a number of commissioners to treat with the rebel leaders. Between them there was much debate and controversy; but on the 2nd of December an agreement was arrived at and signed by all the parties to the conference, in which the king's pardon was directly promised. As to the objects of the rising, and the redress in the several matters concerning which petition had

been made, Norfolk appears to have entered into vague, indirect engagements with the insurgent chiefs, which led them to believe that their entire requests had been, or would be, conceded.

On this understanding, then, they prepared to disband. Aske knelt down, and desired to relinquish thenceforth the name and office of captain of the Pilgrimage, and he and his companions pulled off their badges and said, "We will wear no badge nor figure henceforth but the badge of our sovereign lord." The king's pardon was publicly proclaimed in solemn form before both hosts, the insurgents being now free to depart, each to his own home. Thus came the first act of the "Pilgrimage of Grace" to an end.

Although, however, affairs had apparently terminated satisfactorily, it was not long before it became evident that Henry was by no means disposed, despite whatever Norfolk had promised, to grant all that Aske or his followers desired. This brave and popular leader even ventured to proceed to London to have an interview with the king, and though he was led to believe that all the promises made, or supposed to be made, at Doncaster would be fulfilled, still much of the people's petition remained unrealised. Hence,

notwithstanding Aske's assurances, there was a growing discontent in the East Riding at the results of the agreement, and it was not long before a new movement arose.

A great part of the gentlemen engaged in the first rising had been won back to their allegiance to the crown, and a common impression current was that the people had been deceived by them. The new movement was to be more democratic in its organization. It is true the leader who now came to the front was a person of some social standing—Sir Francis Bygot, of Settington. Sir Francis, however, has been described as one of those who on great questions stand aloof from parties, holding some notion of their own which they consider to be the true solution of the difficulty, and which they will attempt when others have failed. So it appears to have been in this case.

Sir Francis Bygot, after consulting Hallam, who was associated with Stapleton at Hull, a few monks, and some other equally foolish persons, decided on a fresh rebellion. Thus was begun the second chapter in the "*Pilgrimage of Grace*."

In this new project two of the first steps decided upon were the capture of Beverley and

of Hull. Bygot was to surprise the former, and Hallam the latter. Bygot succeeded in getting possession of Beverley, but Hallam was by no means so successful. According to his statement made subsequently, and now preserved amongst the Rolls' House papers, he and twenty followers entered Hull on market day, disguised in farmers' dress, in couples, to avoid suspicion. Hallam had depended upon the assistance of the crowd gathered in the market, but he soon found that his confidence was misplaced, and that unless he could escape before his disguise was discovered he would be taken prisoner. Hence he and two or three friends rode out of the town until they came to a certain windmill on the Beverley Road, a short distance from the walls. Then, looking back, they saw the gates were being closed; so, with the view of rescuing or standing by their companions who might be in peril, they rode back again. Arrived at the town gates, Hallam asked that his neighbours who were within might be let out, when a Mr. Knowles, stepping up to him, enquired his name. He said "Hallam." Then said Mr. Knowles "Thou art he that we seek for," and with that he and a Mr. Elland set their hands upon the rebel leader's bridle, and bade

him turn. A struggle now took place, in which his companions joined. However, they were soon overpowered, taken prisoners, and lodged in the town gaol.

The three great leaders of the first insurrection lost no time in disclaiming and condemning Bygot's insane rising. Nothing could be more vexatious to Aske, Lord Darcy, or Sir Robert Constable. It put them into a most unenviable position. They did not know how to act or turn. They wished, in the first place, to keep on friendly terms with the crown, and yet, on the other hand, unless they endeavoured to aid the insurgents, who were now under a cloud, they were aware they would have to forfeit a good deal of their influence amongst the people.

Aske therefore came to Hull, and employed mingled entreaty and menace to the royal commissioners, with the view of saving Hallam. But whilst he compromised himself, he did not rescue the late rebel. It was, as Aske himself said, "Bygot had gone about to destroy all the effects of the petition."

Once more comparative quiet reigned in the East Riding, but again a third rebellion broke out in the north, this time in the neighbourhood

of Kendal. The king, who had now an overpowering force at his disposal, through the Duke of Norfolk, proclaimed martial law, and so thoroughly were his instructions carried out that the north country was converted into quite a shambles.

Despite the fact that since the first rising Aske, Darcy, and Constable had in their behaviour, so far as can be traced, been in no way treasonable, but on the contrary the first and last named had received the royal thanks for keeping the people quiet during Bygot's movement, still the three were suddenly arrested in April, 1537, and thrown into the Tower. Aske was charged with having interfered with the authorities in Hull to prevent the execution of Hallam; Darcy with having failed, in the preceding January, to furnish Pontefract with stores, although commanded to do so by the king; Constable with having told Bygot in a letter that he had chosen the wrong time of the year for his rising, and that he ought to have waited until the spring. Such were some of the allegations; probably, however, the actual reason for their arrest was that they were powerful leaders, and dangerous therefore to the royal policy. Any-

how, by the force of intimidation, or on the strength of evidence, such as that just indicated, they were all sentenced to death in May. Darcy was executed in London, Aske in York, Constable at Hull.

Having by these and some other deaths satisfied his royal vengeance, and struck terror into the hearts of the rebellious, Henry then proclaimed a general pardon, to which he hereafter adhered. He also went so far as to comply with one of the demands of the insurgents, that of erecting a court of justice at York for deciding lawsuits in the northern counties.

The History, Traditions, and Curious Customs of York Minster.

BY GEORGE BENSON.

THE Cathedral Church at York owes its origin to Eadwine, King of Northumbria, who, in the year 625, married Ethelberga, sister to the King of Kent. The Queen of Northumbria being a Christian, brought her chaplain, Paulinus, to York. One of the British churches on the Bishop Hill, which had been desecrated by the pagan English, was probably restored by Ethelberga, who worshipped in it as she had formerly done at the church of St. Martin, at Canterbury. King Eadwine was not easily converted to the Christian faith, so Pope Boniface sent him a letter and presents. Eventually the king summoned his council before the great idol temple at Goodmanham, to discuss the new doctrine, when Paulinus succeeded in converting the king and council.

Eadwine, on his return to York, was prepared for baptism by Paulinus, and gave orders for the

construction of a church inside the Roman walls and within easy distance of the palace. It was desirable that the king should become a member of the Church as soon as possible, therefore the edifice was built of timber and hurriedly completed, on the site of a Roman temple. It was dedicated to St. Peter, and on Easter Day, April 12th, 627, the king and many of his courtiers were baptised in it by Paulinus. Soon after Eadwine began to erect a larger church of stone which was to contain the wooden one; the foundations were laid, but before the walls were completed, or the pallium received by Paulinus, the king was defeated by the pagans Penda and Cadwallon, and slain in battle. The victors ravaged Northumbria, and Paulinus fled with the queen and her children to Kent, taking with them the altar furniture, and in the time of Bede the golden cross and chalice were still at Canterbury.

Oswald, nephew of Eadwine, in 635, gained a victory over the invaders, and firmly established himself on the Northumbrian throne. He had embraced Christianity from the Celtic Church at Iona, and sent there for missionaries to

re-convert the Northumbrians, who had fallen into idolatry. Oswald completed the stone church commenced by Eadwine; portions of two walls of this edifice, constructed "herring-bone-wise," are to be seen in the present crypt.

Bishop Wilfrid, in 669, found the Minster in a dilapidated condition, and restored it. He provided the windows with glass; previously light was obtained by transparent linen, or by holes pierced through boards.

Shortly before the Conquest, Ulphus, son of Thorold, the lord of a great part of Eastern Yorkshire, laid a horn made of an elephant's tusk on the altar in the Minster, as a token that he gave certain lands to the Cathedral. The tusk is twenty-nine inches long, around the mouth is a carved band with griffins, a tree, a unicorn, a lion devouring a doe, and dogs wearing collars.

The Minster was burnt by the Normans in 1068, and re-built by Archbishop Thomas of Bayeux. The choir and part of the crypts were taken down by Archbishop Roger (1154-1181), and re-built on a larger scale; subsequently the transepts of the Norman church were removed, and the present ones erected. The nave was then taken down, and the existing one erected,

with the Chapter House and Presbytery. The Choir of Roger was taken down and rebuilt, and the edifice was completed and re-consecrated on the 3rd of July 1472.

The Cathedral of York was never occupied by monks, although styled the Minster, but from early times by a body of secular priests, who formed a college in connection with it, thus York Minster was both a Collegiate and a Cathedral Church.

Prayers were said in the Minster at set hours daily, as appointed by the canons or statutes of the college, hence termed canonical hours, these were seven in number, known in English times as Uhtsang, Primesang, Undersang, Middaysang, Noonsang, Evensang, and Night-sang, which in the later Mediæval times occur as Matins, Land, Prime, Tierce, Sext, Nones, and Vespers. To provide for the maintenance of these services, each *canon* had an estate appointed to him, termed a *prebend*, generally a rectory of some parochial church, thus a *canon* was also a *prebendary*, and was denominated by the name of the place appropriated to him.

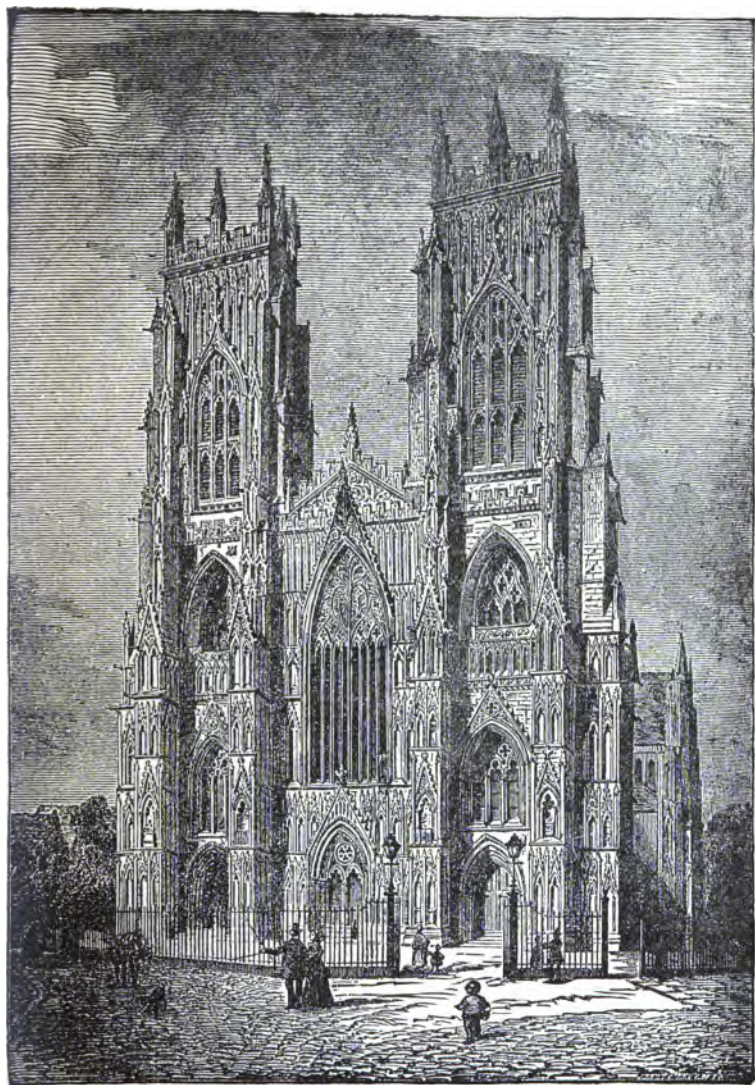
There are thirty prebendaries (formerly thirty-six) in the Minster, each having a stall in the

Choir and Chapter House. The Canons form the *Chapter* and when they meet to discuss any question it is called a meeting of the chapter, and the place of meeting is termed the *Chapter House*. The *Dean* is elected by the chapter, being invested with a gold ring and installed by the precentor. The Precentor or Chanter installs the Canons and superintends the Choir; the other officers in the chapter are the Chancellor, Sub-Dean, Succentor, three archdeacons, four resident canons, these with the twenty-four prebendaries or non-resident canons form the ruling body of the Minster, and are known as "The Dean and Chapter of York."

Each canon had formerly a Vicar Choral, in priest's orders, to attend and officiate for him; the Vicars Choral had their College in Bedern. Their number is now reduced to five, who form a corporate body.

The parsons and chantry priests of the Minster had a College, known as St. William's College, (founded 1460) in Vicar's Lane.

In the year 1841 the Canons, with the exception of the four residentiaries, were deprived of their emoluments, and the patronage



WEST FRONT, YORK MINSTER.

of the livings belonging to them, but their other privileges were left undisturbed.

Formerly at the installation of Canons in the Chapter House, twelve dozen large currant buns, made specially for the purpose, were scattered amongst the spectators and scrambled for, and a dozen port or sherry were opened and drank to the health of the new Canon. This custom continued until 1858. Each Canon receives a copy of the Holy Scriptures and a roll of bread.

The Archbishops at their installation into the Chair of York formerly made their progress to the Minster on foot from St. James' Chapel, outside Micklegate Bar, a cloth being spread all the way. The prelate preceded by torch, censor, and cross bearers, was received in state at the great western doors of the Minster by the Dean and other dignitaries of the Church, in their embroidered copes and rich vestments, and followed in procession to the High Altar, amidst the perfume of incense wafted in clouds by the swinging to and fro of the censors. After being invested with the pallium and a jewelled mitre he was enthroned in the Chair of York.

After the ceremony, greetings were exchanged

with the Lord Mayor and Corporation, who made costly presents of gold or silver cups, and sometimes a butt of sack to the Archbishop.

Formerly a great feast followed the enthronisation, and that of Archbishop Neville, which was held at the palace of Cawood, surpassed all others.

On high festivals the Dean had a large retinue to escort him to the Minster. It is recorded that Dean Higden, on Christmas Day, had fifty gentlemen before him in tawny coats garded with black velvet, and thirty yeomen behind in similar coats garded with saffron.

Formerly on St. John the Evangelist's Day all the city clergy attended the Minster.

On St. Nicholas' Day the boy bishop was elected, on Holy Innocents' Day he attended the Minster in State, habited in a cope of tissue, and wearing a miniature mitre, and the nine children in his train wore miniature copes. At Salisbury Cathedral there is a monument to a boy bishop.

On the Feast of Purification the Dean blessed the candles. On Shrove Tuesday the Minster was open to all comers, who were allowed to ring one of the bells, termed the Pancake Bell, a privilege much exercised.

On Ash Wednesday the Dean sprinkled the ashes and gave the Absolution. Palms were blessed by the Dean on Palm Sunday.

On Maunday Thursday, the Dean and clergy washed the feet of the poor, and distributed alms. In 1639, King Charles I. kept the festival here, when the Bishop of Ely washed the right feet of thirty-nine poor aged men in warm water, and dried them with a linen cloth—afterwards in the south aisle the Bishop of Winchester re-washed them in white wine, wiped, and kissed them. On the following day (Good Friday), Charles I. touched no less than two hundred people in the Minster for the King's Evil. As he touched the people there was read aloud, "they shall lay their hands upon the sick and they shall recover." The King put round each of their necks a white ribbon, to which was attached an angel of gold. From All Saints' Day to Candlemas the choir was formerly illuminated by seven large branched candle-holders, and a small wax candle was fixed at every other stall; on festival days the four dignitaries used to have a branch of seven candles placed before each of them on their stalls.

Within the moulded arch of the western central

doorway is sculptured the story of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. The central portion of the tracery in the large window above forms a heart—the Heart of Yorkshire—for the Minster is loved by all Yorkshire folk.

In the Nave the great processions were arranged, and previous to 1736 there were two rows of circular stones (similar to Fountains and Chichester) forty-four on each side, about two feet diameter and that distance apart, whilst in the centre there was a row of larger ones. These were the allotted positions of the Dean and the superiors, whilst the inferiors and singers were arranged on the sides.

A unique feature in the Nave is the bracket in the Triforium forming a dragon's head, which originally held in its mouth a cord, by which the cover of the font was raised or lowered; opposite on the other side is the effigy of St. George.

From this font, in 1418, Sir Richard le Scrope and his associates were excommunicated for having entered the Minster armed during service in the Choir, and attacking with violence a serving-man. They were denounced by the Choir with ringing of bells, lighting of candles;

after extinguishing them and throwing them on the ground in rebuke, and then lifting the Cross, the offenders were publicly and solemnly excommunicated.

Subsequently Sir Richard submitted, and did penance for his rash act. Entering by the great west door uncovered and without his belt, and bearing aloft his dagger, he passed along the nave to the High Altar, and there on bended knees he said the Lord's Prayer three times, and the angelical salutation, and then offered his dagger on the altar.

At the back of the High Altar was a large painted and gilded reredos, having a door at each side which opened into the Sacristy. Above the reredos was a Music Gallery.

In the Sacristy the portable shrine of St. William of York was kept, on the north side was a watching-gallery, having a small oriel window commanding a view of the north aisle, opposite to which was a loop in the wall looking into the Sacristy, from this gallery hung offerings of rings, girdles, slippers, and models of limbs.

The reredos was removed in 1726, and the altar carried back one bay.

The gable of the south transept was formerly

crowned with "The Fiddler of York" who outdid Nero of old Rome by looking on whilst the Minster was twice in flames, namely in 1829 and 1840. During the restoration of this transept he was taken from his lofty position and put in the crypt.

The north transept contains a five-light lancet, known as "the five sisters," alluded to by Charles Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby*. The only mediæval brass remaining in the Minster is in this transept: it is a fine one, representing Archbishop Grenefield in his vestments.

The choir screen contains statues of the kings of England from William I. to Henry VI. inclusive. The organ stands upon it; formerly it stood on the north side of the choir.

The east window is the largest in the kingdom retaining its original coloured glazing.

The octagonal Chapter House is similar to that at Southwell, but nearly twice the size. All who see it re-echo the Latin couplet painted on the left side of the entrance signifying:—

"As the rose is the chief of flowers
So is this house of houses."

A Story of the Gunpowder Plot.

BY THE REV. GEO. S. TYACK, B.A.

LITTLE thought Edith Fawkes, of York, widow, when she suffered herself to be led to the altar for the second time by Dionis Baynbridge, of the far-reaching consequences of so common-place an act.

Her life had been hitherto as uneventful as that of a well-to-do citizen's wife ordinarily is; her husband, Edward Fawkes, was an advocate of the Consistory Court of the Archbishop, and as such, doubtless a man of some mark in the city, especially as his father had been Registrar of the Exchequer Court at York, and his elder brother Thomas was a merchant-stapler of affluence in the city. Four children had blessed the marriage, and all had been duly received into the Holy Church by baptism at the church of St. Michael-le-Belfry, for both husband and wife were faithful members of the English Church, as the lists of communicants in the said parish show. One only of the children was a boy, who was

christened on the 16th of April, 1570, by the name of Guy, and in due time became a pupil of Master John Puleyn at the free school in the Horse Fair.

In January, 1579, however, the shadow of death fell across the house, and Edith Fawkes found herself a widow, with three little ones dependent on her (for one had died in infancy); Guy, the eldest, barely nine years old, Anne, little more than six, and Elizabeth not yet four. The means for the family's support were probably not large, for all the father's real estate—lands and houses in Gillygate, and in Clifton, both near York—fell to the only son; and this may have made the widow more willing to form a second alliance with one of larger fortune.

For how many years Mrs. Fawkes wore her weeds we know not, but there is reason to think that before the end of 1584 she had become Mrs. Dionis Baynbridge. The busy northern capital was left behind, and with it much that formed an essential part of the old York life; and the new wife with her children settled down at Scotton, a hamlet near Farnham, in the West Riding. The little church of St. Michael-le-Belfry, and the great grey Minster, beneath whose shadow they

had so often passed, the free school under the control and patronage of the Dean and Chapter, to say nothing of Edward Fawkes' official status, these had all combined to form an ecclesiastical atmosphere for the family which was now to be changed as completely as were their surroundings. Dionis Baynbridge was a Roman Catholic, connected by family ties with other leading families professing that faith ; and it would seem that his wife conformed to his religion, and allowed her children to be brought up in it.

However one may regret their perversion, and deplore its ultimate, though indirect, consequence, it must be admitted that no self-seeking can have been their motive, for the profession of Roman Catholic opinions was not the road to honour or to ease. Simply to be a priest of the Romish Church was an offence visited with death, to receive the ministrations of such was a felony, and the mere act of petitioning the sovereign against the persecution to which they were subjected was met in one instance by a summons before the Star Chamber, imprisonment in the Fleet Prison, two exposures in the pillory, and a fine of one thousand pounds, and all this on the person of an aged gentleman, whose whitened

locks barely availed to save him from losing his ears to boot.

It was, in fact, a time of action and reaction and reflex-reaction. The Roman Catholics felt bound in conscience to question Elizabeth's claim to the throne, and did not disguise their disappointment when her successor, James, failed to adhere to the faith of his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots; the government in turn grew suspicious, and treated them with harshness; this provoked mutterings of deeper discontent, which led again to greater severity from the ruling powers. Such a state of things could scarcely terminate otherwise than it did; on the one side the political and religious issues were confused, and a policy of justifiable precaution became a persecution indiscriminate and intolerable; on the other, the bolder and more reckless spirits began to think that any act which would relieve them from the sufferings and privations they were enduring would be allowable in their extremity.

When Mrs. Fawkes, now Mrs. Baynbridge, removed to Scotton with her little ones, this tragic development was yet some twenty years ahead, but signs of the coming storm were not wanting, and amid the feelings which such a

condition of things must necessarily excite, young Guy and his sisters grew up. Several Roman Catholic families resided at Scotton, and doubtless friends and relatives who shared their faith not infrequently met there for consolation or counsel in the troublous times on which they had fallen. Thomas Percy was a neighbour of the Baynbridges, and like Dionis took to himself a wife from the members of the English Church, Martha Wright by name, from Holderness; but so eager was he to advance his own form of faith, that he drew not only her into agreement with him, but also her brothers John and Christopher, in accomplishing which, no doubt, he often had them with him at Scotton. No further off than Ripley lived Sir William Ingilby, another co-religionist and relative to the leading Scotton families, and there need be little hesitation in supposing that at his house sometimes Guy would meet the knight's three nephews from Worcestershire, Thomas, Robert, and John Winter.

Thus we get an idea of the society into which Guy Fawkes grew as he drew near to man's estate, and we can imagine the burning ambition to do some great thing in defence of their religion



BATES, R. WINTER, C. WRIGHT, J. WRIGHT, PERCY, FAWKES, CATESBY, T. WINTER.
THE GUNPOWDER CONSPIRATORS.—FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED AFTER THE DISCOVERY.

to which this group of young enthusiasts would encourage one another.

In the year 1591, Guy Fawkes came of age and entered upon the possession of his small patrimony. He was evidently a restless, eager lad, needing wider scope for his energies than England then allowed to one of his way of thinking, and so we find that his lands are soon disposed of, and he is off to the wars. In the Spanish army, then serving in the Netherlands, was abundant opportunity for action, as well as companionship with men of his own faith; thitherward, therefore, he bent his steps to bear pike or sword as a soldier of fortune.

Subsequently, as the tension of things at home got more severe, he became a kind of ambassador from the English Roman Catholics to the Court of Spain, the leading Roman Catholic power of Europe, in an endeavour to obtain some help from that source. In these missions, full of difficulty, and not devoid, it must be confessed, of a treasonable aspect, two of his old Scotton friends took part; in 1601 he travelled to Madrid with Thomas Winter, and in 1603 with Christopher Wright. In 1604 he returned to England, knowing that something was astir

amongst the Romanists at home, and on his arrival first learns, from Catesby and his old acquaintances John Wright and Thomas Winter, the nature of that fearsome plot which has made his name notorious, and into which presently all those whom, we have seen, he had probably met at Scotton as a lad, were gradually drawn, together with others.

Further into the old story of the Gunpowder Plot it is needless to go ; we have its origin in Yorkshire, its development and discovery belong to the general history of our country, and are too well known to need repeating.

Have we touched too lightly and brightly the character of Guy Fawkes ? We think not. For the awful scheme which he helped to carry out no words of horror can be too strong, yet Fawkes was no fiend incarnate, but a man of high courage and fanatic enthusiasm driven to bay ; and what will not such an one dare ? One characteristic at least is worthy of remembrance, the unselfish courage which gives some gleam of heroism to an atrocious deed. In all the dangers of the plot Fawkes bore the brunt ; if his name, rather than that of his companions, is always coupled with the plot, it is not because he

originated it, but simply because he undertook the part which carried the greatest risk, and led to his arrest and execution; and finally, no torture could wring from him the names of any accomplices.

The moral of it all is surely this, that if Guy Fawkes and his comrades are to be eternally reprobated, their hands cannot be quite clean who drove them to the recklessness of despair.

The Spinning-wheel.

BY I. W. DICKINSON, B.A.

IT is no exaggeration, but plain sober fact, to say that in every department of human activity a greater stride forward has been made in the last sixty years than in the sixty preceding centuries. A generation is uprising to whom such things as the sawpit with its "top sawyer" and "bottom sawyer," the windmill and water-wheel, the scythe and the sickle will be unknown. No reading book nowadays informs us that it takes nine men to make a pin; the merry tinkle of the nailmakers' anvil is a sound lost to our planet; nor is wool any longer combed by hand. The art of spinning has fully shared in this advance, and the spinning-wheel is very typical of the great change that has swept over all methods of industry.

The spindle and the distaff was the first contrivance for converting wool as we see it upon the sheep into the continuous thread known as yarn for weaving into cloth. The distaff was a stick or staff about eighteen inches long, round

which was bound a loose bundle of wool which had been previously washed. The spindle was a pin a few inches in length, with an eye at the upper end to which the thread was attached. If of wood, the spindle required to be weighted ; sometimes it was made of lead. The spinster stuck the distaff, with its burden of wool, into her girdle, and tied sufficient fibres through the eye of the spindle. With a swift dexterous twirl of her thumb and forefinger a quick rotary motion was imparted to the spindle, which at the same time was thrown away from the spinster, and so was produced the double movement essential to spinning of drawing out the wool and twisting it at one and the same time ; this movement was effectively furthered by the continuous dragging and twirling action of the spinster's thumb and forefinger. When a convenient length of thread had been thus produced, the spindle was hauled in, the thread was wound round it, and the process commenced *de novo*. Such as here described, the distaff and spindle was the symbol of womankind from before the dawn of history. As such it appears in the hieroglyphics of the earliest Egyptian monuments ; it is mentioned by Homer and Herodotus ; and the three Parcae or Fates

spinning the triple thread of human life, and with their shears cutting its brief span, form a fine Greek myth, the deep pathos of which has been well caught in the touching picture by a famous artist.

When Solomon wishes to set forth the picture of the model housewife, among her other accomplishments we read, "She layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." So thoroughly characteristic of the occupation of woman was it that the name spinster still survives for every unmarried woman, and in the middle ages the spear side and the distaff side were the legal terms for male and female children.

The crude spindle and distaff lasted many centuries without alteration, but an obvious improvement was to set the spindle in a frame and make it revolve by means of a band set in motion by a wheel turned either by hand or foot, and so was evolved the spinning-wheel. From a MS. in the British Museum, we learn that early in the fourteenth century such a wheel was in ordinary use: the spinster is represented as standing at the wheel, which she turns with her right hand, and with her left twirls the spindle. In 1530 was brought out a form of spinning-wheel at which the spinster could sit to her

work ; a further improvement was the addition of a treadle to turn the wheel. When two spindles were mounted in the frame, and two threads spun one by each hand this constituted the "two-handed" spinning-wheel. Either a single-handed or two-handed spinning-wheel was to be found in every house, and at all odd times was brought out to keep up the supply of yarn. We have the authority of Mrs. Poyser for stating that in any decently ordered household there never lacked abundance of feathers and linen. "It 'ud be a poor tale if I hadna feathers and linen when I never sell a fowl but what's plucked, and the wheels a'going every day o' the week." On the same indubitable authority "squinting Kitty" was a rare 'un to spin ; and poor Molly shewed her gallowsness by wanting to spin in the barn with the whittaws, *i.e.*, saddlers.

Just as the plough-boys had their Plough Monday, so the maids had their St. Distaff's Day, or Rock Day (rock being another name for the distaff), the seventh of January, whereon the spinning, interrupted by the Christmas and New Year festivities, was resumed for another year. The day was kept as a merry-making, the girls pretending to want to spin, and the hinds teasing

them by burning the flax and hiding the distaffs, the maids retaliating by throwing buckets of water over them.

When the loom, by the united labours of genera-



THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

tions of weavers, had been improved almost out of recognition, the spinning-wheel, which at most could only produce two threads, was quite unable to keep up anything like an adequate supply of

yarn, and several inventors turned their attention towards it. One of the best known is Hargreaves, the inventor of the "spinning-jenny," who hit upon his idea, it is said, by the accidental upsetting of his wife's spinning-wheel upon the cottage floor, 1764. The wheel continued to revolve, and he saw that a large number of spindles could be arranged vertically side by side in a frame and turned by one common wheel. The success of the "spinning-jenny" was considerable, but it was superseded by a better idea, due mainly to Arkwright, who patented his spinning-frame in 1769, and upon which all machines since have been founded. The last improvement was the "mule," patented in 1779, which in principle goes back to the spindle of the Egyptian monuments. By the beginning of the century the spinning-wheel was fast disappearing, and now can only be seen in specimens preserved here and there as interesting relics of the past.

As will be readily understood, the improvement in spinning is affected by the speed at which machines can be driven, and by the number of threads that can be simultaneously produced. Thus while with the spinning-wheel a skilled

adult spinster could only produce two threads at most, in the mills of Lancashire and Yorkshire to-day a youth of eleven has no difficulty in attending to a spinning frame with 164 threads, producing each day a length of 604 miles of thread. The old spinning-frame in very skilful hands could produce as fine a yarn as the most improved spinning-frames ; thus in 1745, a woman of East Dereham spun a single pound of wool into a thread eighty-four miles long, and a young lady of Norwich spun a pound of wool into 168,000 yards of yarn, a pound of cotton into 203,000 ; these performances being slightly in excess of what can be done on the latest type of spinning-mule. Long after the difficulties of spinning by machinery had been overcome, a modified form of wheel was to be found in every cottage in South Lancashire and West Yorkshire. It was not a spinning-wheel, however, though it had the appearance of one, inasmuch as it did not spin, but merely wound the weft, which was already machine spun, upon the reels used for weaving. The monotonous whir whir of these winding wheels was a sound familiar enough in those districts a dozen years ago ; now-a-days the winding is all done by machinery.

The spinning-wheel lingered on in England into our own days. The farmers of forty years ago were very proud of their knee-breeches and ribbed stockings, and these stockings must be knitted of none other than a very thick "home-spun" worsted, and with the matter-of-fact veracity of the times "homespun" meant "homespun;" so every farmer had a spinning-wheel as a regular part of his domestic arrangement, and a travelling spinster went the rounds of the farm-houses annually to spin the year's supply of worsted for the good yeoman's hose.

The latest date to which we have been able to trace this dying revolution of the spinning-wheel is at Kildwick-in-Craven, about the year 1848.

In the remoter districts of the Highlands the spinning-wheel may now and again be seen, while in Norway and Sweden its reign is in full sway; a neatly turned and polished wheel is to be seen in every home, and the fair Scandinavians spin with a deftness and perseverance that would have delighted the souls of our grandmothers.

Ripon and its Minster.

BY GEORGE PARKER.

TO the Venerable Bæda (672-735) in his "Ecclesiastical History," the first mention of Anglo-Saxon *Hryppun* is ascribed, and to Christian Missionary enterprise Ripon and its Minster owe their being.

The position of Ripon on the bank of a river (*ripa*) obviously suggested its name, and the etymon being a Latin word, indicates that it originated either with the Romans or the Archbishops of York.

It is stated that about the year 630 A.D., Wilfrid was born at Ripon, and it is somewhat confirmatory of the tradition that no claim for the honour of being his birthplace has been advanced on behalf of any other locality. It is also traditionally said that at the time of Wilfrid's birth the house of his parents was so brilliantly illumined with supernatural light that it was thought to be on fire. This manifestation was deemed a prophetic symbol of the splendid

and useful character of his life, which became remarkably verified.

Tradition and history of a reliable character concerning the subjects of this paper are admitted to commence about the year 660 A.D., when Eata, the Abbot, and other monks from Melrose and Lindisfarne, among whom was the great St. Cuthbert, having obtained a grant of land from Alchfrith, then ruler of Deira, founded here a College of priests known as the "Scots' Monastery," where abode some of the most eminent and pious men of that age. It is recorded by the Venerable Bæda and other historians that in this monastery at Ripon St. Cuthbert the "hostillar," or host, received and entertained an angel-guest.

The institution of Eata's Monastery would most probably correspond with those of Lindisfarne and Iona, founded by St. Columba. The building would be principally of timber, but of its architecture, extent, and composition there are neither records nor vestiges remaining. The site of the structure is a bow-shot distant north-eastward of where the Cathedral now stands.

At that remote era as "in the living present," there were theological disputes and burning problems to be solved, among which that of the

proper day for celebrating the festival of Easter was of prime import, and Yorkshire was the arena of this conflict. Shall the day or shall the Sunday next following the first full moon after the vernal equinox be Easter Day? This was the contention. A brief mention here of this controversy seems imperative, as the verdict of the inquiry determined the permanent association of Wilfrid with Ripon and its Minster, and also with the northern ecclesiastical province, thereby securing for Ripon the kindly interest and munificence of the Archbishops all through the ages, yes, to this day.

With a view to obtain unanimity, by the King's command a conference was held in the convent of St. Hilda, at the place then called Streoneshalch, better known now by its Danish name—Whitby. At this important synod the illustrious Wilfrid makes his appearance in history, and at once rises into prominence and fame. Being desired by the King, who presided at the conference, to state his views on the points at issue, Wilfrid addressed the assembly with much eloquence, and so ably advocating the Romish computation which he had adopted during his travels in Italy, and dexterously employing the

Scripture alluding to St. Peter and the keys,* that the King, dreading being at variance with the door-keeper of Heaven, decided the disputed questions in Wilfrid's favour, consequently Eata and his companions either voluntarily retired or were dismissed, and their Monastery at Ripon was conferred by King Oswy upon St. Wilfrid, who thus became the second abbot. A few years subsequently, Wilfrid was appointed Bishop of Northumbria (Archbishop of York), and in 665 A.D. was consecrated at Compiégne, in France, by Bishop Agilbert, assisted by twelve other foreign prelates. At that distant bygone age, the hamlet of Ripon consisted of thirty tenements appertaining to the Monastery.

With superior knowledge and tastes acquired during his residence in Italy and France, Wilfrid quickly commenced the erection of a monastery in a much more extensive and ornate style than its predecessor. It is believed that Wilfrid's monastery was one of the finest examples of architecture in England at that period. For its erection Wilfrid brought over companies of French and Italian specialists in the several

* "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven."—St. Matthew, xvi., 18-19.

branches of architecture, and used prepared and enduring materials; divers columns, curious arches, fine pavements, and porticos entered into its arrangement, and it is said that the church was one of the first in this country built of stone.

To-day the only acknowledged representative at Ripon of the work of Wilfrid is the Saxon Crypt, or "Wilfrid's Needle," situate beneath the intersection of the cross of the minster. Its preservation must undoubtedly be attributed to its subterranean situation. It is constructed of large stones roughly hewn and plastered, and entered by a trap-door near the south-east angle of the nave.

Wilfrid dedicated his minster in honour of St. Peter, and tenanted the conventual buildings with a brotherhood of the Order of St. Benedict,—the industrious, literary, and "gentlemanly order of monks." In the absence of evidence to the contrary it is thought that the monastery continued until its demolition in the possession of that Order.

On the occasion of the dedication service, Wilfrid entertained Egfrid the King of Northumbria, his brother Aelwin, and a large retinue

of courtiers, and displayed great shrewdness by specifying the numerous benefactions to his monastery, and having them confirmed by the king, princes, and nobles.

The account of the dedication of Wilfrid's Abbey Church is of especial interest, being the earliest on record of the dedication of an English church. Among the other precious gifts presented by Wilfrid on this occasion was "a wonderful piece of workmanship unheard of before his time; this was a copy of the four Gospels written with gilded letters on parchment, adorned with purple and other colours, the corner of which was inlaid with gold and precious stones, the work of jewellers."

This exceedingly beautiful manuscript copy of the four Gospels is still extant. Treasured for centuries in the Archives of the Vatican, it is said that Pope Leo X. gave this splendid *Evangelarium* to King Henry VIII. on the occasion of conferring upon him the title of "Fidei Defensor" (Defender of the Faith). It is further stated that Cardinal Wolsey presented the MS. to the See of York, of which he was then Archbishop, and since that time the interesting and most valuable volume has had several owners.

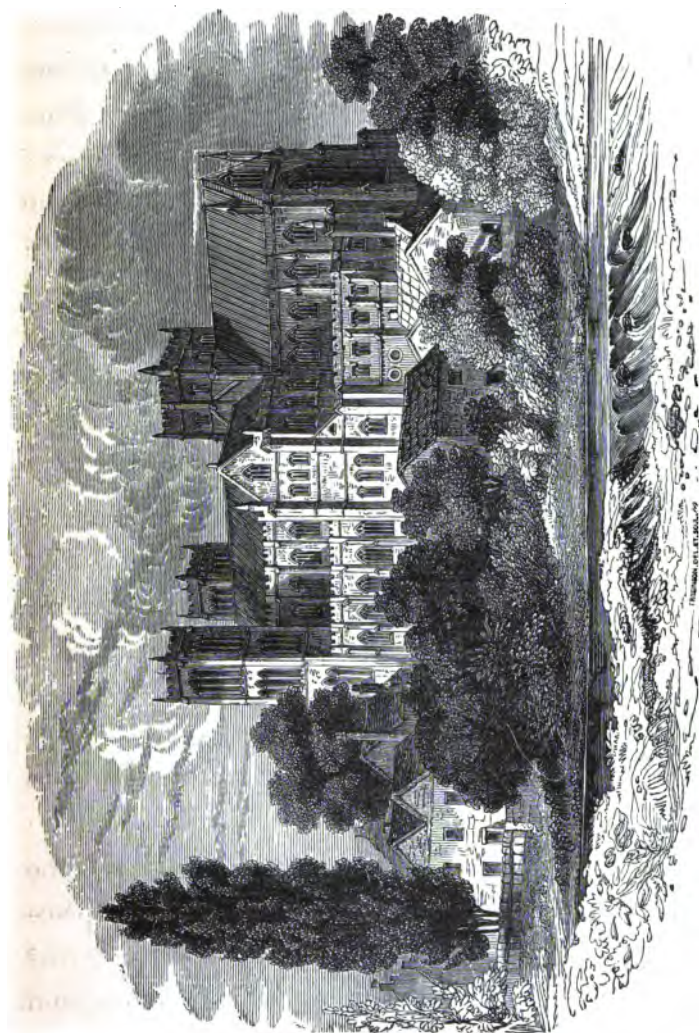
During the combined episcopate and abbotship of Wilfrid, the employment of numerous artisans and the erection at Ripon of large and beautiful edifices, together with the great fame and influence of the Archbishop would doubtless attract many residents, and the town would rapidly advance in extent and importance. It is traditional that Wilfrid built four churches at Ripon; the necessity for these certainly implies the presence of a considerable population, and although the data are scanty, it is not improbable that for many years previous to the advent of the Danes, Ripon continued to flourish.

In hastily traversing a rich and beautiful country, it is very probable that some of its loveliest features may be passed unnoticed. The days of Wilfrid can scarcely be left behind without some allusion being made to the times of adversity and persecution experienced by this high-principled ecclesiastic; these shadowed periods of his life were those of his greatest usefulness and spiritual culture, and tended to enhance his reputation and permanent fame.

Unadvisedly interfering in a singular disagreement between his King and Queen, Wilfrid lost the favour and support of his sovereign, was

deposed and banished from the See of Northumbria, and from his much-loved home at Ripon. An exile in search of refuge, and being driven from the adjoining kingdom of Mercia, also from the kingdom of Wessex, he retired to Sussex; while there, in his zealous efforts to evangelize the people, he is accredited with the performance of many wonderful deeds, which at that time were deemed to be quite miraculous. During a direful famine, resulting from a prolonged drought, Wilfrid taught the starving and despairing multitudes the art of catching fish with nets and with lines and hooks, and after the baptism of a great number of converts, there immediately coming a plentiful rain, it was attributed to the influence and piety of the great missionary. These and other similar events greatly promoted the success of Wilfrid in the conversion of the South Saxons, which tended to his restoration to royal favour and his former dignity.

From time immemorial a representation of the return of Wilfrid from exile has taken place annually at Ripon. A personation of the great prelate, mounted on horse-back, attired in grand pontifical robes, and carrying a pastoral staff, enters the city, accompanied by a band of music



RIPON CATHEDRAL, SOUTH-EAST, FROM THE RIVER SKELL.

and a crowd of admirers, and thus passes through the principal streets. This custom is observed on the Saturday immediately preceding the first Monday in August.

Wilfrid's manifest disparagement of his brother Bishops, and his frequent appeals to the Bishop of Rome, produced estrangement and disfavour. During one of his periodical visits to Italy, and protracted absence from his diocese, the Church at Ripon was constituted an Episcopal See. The contemporaneous Archbishop of Canterbury—Theodore, who, like St. Paul, was a native of Tarsus, and also like his distinguished fellow-townsmen, endowed with energy and learning—considering that the spiritual needs of the people were being neglected, and encouraged by the King of Northumbria, consecrated Eadhead, or Eadrædus, the primary Bishop of Ripon. Eadhead, who had been King Ecgfrid's chaplain, and subsequently the Bishop of Sidnacester, or Lindsey, occupied the office a few years, *circa* 680, and retired on the return and reinstatement of Wilfrid. There is no record of the appointment of an immediate successor to Eadhead, and the Bishopric of Ripon became re-united to the diocese of York,

and so continued until its re-erection in the year 1836.

The death of Wilfrid took place in his Monastery of St. Andrew, at Oundle, near Northampton, in the year 709. He was in the seventy-sixth year of his age; and, in compliance with his own desire, he was buried at the north side of the altar in his favourite Abbey Church of St. Peter, at Ripon. In the Life of St. Wilfrid, written by Eddius, his chaplain, the particulars of the last illness and somewhat sudden death of his beloved bishop are minutely and touchingly recorded. Wilfrid's earnest piety and missionary zeal were recognised by his canonization, and he may be considered as holding the rank of tutelary Saint of Ripon. In the Romish calendar, the 12th of October is appointed for his festival.

In 735, the great contemporary of Wilfrid, the Venerable Bæda, also "rested from his labours," and either from the want of a kindred mind to continue the chronicles, or subsequent records having wholly disappeared for many succeeding generations, the annals of Ripon and its Minster are enshrouded in gloom. It is the more to be deplored that this veiled period should have

occurred at an epoch when religion in this land was, perhaps more than at any other time, deemed of paramount importance; and when Ripon was one of the chief centres from which emanated the light of the gospel, of education, and civilization.

At one of the earliest destructive onslaughts of the Danes, the town was destroyed by fire; there remained but heaps of ashes, testifying of what once had been, and of sad spoliation. In this desolate condition the locality remained for a lengthened period.

“In ancient barbarous times
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil.”

—*Thomson.*

In 867, it is stated that a great battle was fought here between Ingvar, or Ivar, King of the Danes, and Ella, King of Northumbria, in which fierce conflict Ella and all his brave host perished. At a short distance due east of the Cathedral, in the private grounds of the Canons' residence, there is a cone-shaped mound or tumulus called Hillshaw, or Ailcy Hill; this pile consists of the mouldering bones of men and horses, sand and gravel promiscuously inter-

mingled; it is traditional that this structure was thrown up by the Danes in disposing of the slain after the above-named engagement. The discovery here, in 1695, of Saxon and Danish coins is confirmatory of the tradition.

The year 886 has been specially named as a memorable and eventful one in the annals of Ripon, whose historians unanimously assert that in this year the town received from King Alfred the Great its first royal charter of incorporation; but neither the original document nor a transcript thereof are known to exist, and the text and purport of the said charter are quite problematical. The absence of such documents, as well as the scantiness of Northumbrian literature, are attributed to the destruction of the northern monasteries by the Danes. It is, however, generally believed that the first governors of the town were styled *Vigilarii*, or Wakemen, from the Saxon word *wach*—to watch and guard. The office of the Wakeman, we are told, was originally a life tenure, but subsequently the appointment was made annually from the twelve Eldermen, so named from their age when elected.

The probability is that both the office and name originated with the archbishops of York, to whom

Ripon wholly—"entirely belonged," and that for many centuries the *Vigilarius* occupied the position of reeve, or bailiff, or watchman, subject in every respect to his lord the Archbishop of York. In reference thereto it is thus stated in the Domesday record—"Hoc manerium tenuit Eldred, Arch. nunc Thomas, Arch."

An offspring of this epoch still survives in the performance of the ceremony of sounding a large horn every night as the Cathedral clock chimes nine. A civic officer called "The Horn-blower," in antique uniform, proceeds to the Market Cross, and there gives three blasts,—“loud, dismal, and long,”—after which he hastens to the principal door of the Mayor's residence and repeats the toots. The original purport of this custom was to denote the setting of the watch or guard over the town, for the protection of which the Wakeman, or governor, was held responsible throughout the night, every householder paying an annual fee of twopence for each street or outer door of his dwelling to indemnify the Wakeman.

In the year 924 King Athelstan, grandson of Alfred the Great, in fulfilment of a vow, and as a thank-offering for the success of his arms in

answer to prayer, preferred at Ripon Minster, confirmed to the monastery all its former charters and privileges, and granted several other immunities which would considerably add to its importance and fame. The several privileges granted by Athelstan are stated in two documents, one of which is in Latin, and the other is a peculiar rhyming composition, apparently a literary production of the thirteenth century. Like Hexham and Beverley, he endowed the minster with a frithstool (Anglo-Saxon, *frith* or *frid*, peace) and constituted it a sanctuary or refuge.

The privilege of sanctuary is thus conferred—

“ Yair pees at *Ripon*,
 On ilke side ye kyrke a mile
 For all ill deedes and ylke agyle.
 And within yair kirk yate
 At ye stan yat *Grithstole* hate,
 Within ye kirke dore and ye square
 Yair have pees for les and mare.”

The limits of the mile radius from the church were denoted by eight mile-crosses placed on the principal approaches to the town; they were known as Athelstan cross, Kangel (Archangel) cross, etc.; the one known as Sharow cross alone remains a relic of the fifteenth century.

In these memorable charters were included

several other favours adapted to the wants of those times: *inter alia* those of trial by ordeal, either by fire or water, and that the “ya” and “na” of an inhabitant should be unquestioned “both amongst themselves and throughout the habitable world.” Athelstan’s famous rhyming charter is a curious and unique composition; Gent describes it as “in old strange sort of English.”

Soon after the death of Athelstan, King Edred, in his reprisals against the Northumbrians for their disloyalty and treachery, devastated the whole district, and the town and sacred buildings of Ripon were utterly destroyed by fire about the year 948. Spared, partially, if not unscathed through all the direful years of the Danish invasion, Wilfrid’s splendid and famous Minster fell at last before the unrelenting anger of the king; and along with the buildings, the chronicles, the literature, and the treasures of the institution must also have perished in the flames. “*Pro infidelitate, rex Anglorum Edredus totam Northumbriam devastat. In qua devastatione Monasterium quod dicitur in Hrypon a sancto Wilfrido episcopo quondam constructum, igne est combustum.*”—(DUGDALE’S *Monasticon*.)

Following this sad disaster, influenced either by intuitive consciousness or by intelligence, it is said Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury (971-993), visited the northern province, and finding Ripon in the ruined state to which Edred had reduced it, "He was struck to the heart with its lamentable condition, and he forthwith caused a new work to be edified wher the present minstre now is." It is also said that at this time Odo



ARMS OF THE CITY AND SEE OF RIPON.

had the bones of St. Wilfrid removed to his own Cathedral. At the erection of this new minster the name of St. Wilfrid was either substituted for or coupled with that of St. Peter in its dedication.

The re-building of the Church was completed by St. Oswald and the succeeding Archbishops of York, and a short time before the Norman Conquest it was made collegiate by Archbishop Aldred, but in what manner does not seem clear.

King Edward the Confessor confirmed to Ripon and its Minster all their liberties and privileges.

The relative size and importance of Ripon during the Anglo-Saxon *regime* were probably greater than at any other period of its history, considering that during the reign of Alfred the Great the population of England and Wales is believed to have not exceeded one million.

Let us with mental vision glance at the restored hamlet of *Hryppun* as it appeared at the time of the Norman invasion. See! a jutting headland pointing eastward, rising somewhat abruptly from a morass or reedy marsh, caused by the impatient converging waters of the *Ure* and *Scell*; and trending westward as far as the eye can reach a long undulating acclivity springing northward in gentle bounds. See! crowning this eminence at its eastern extremity the newly erected collegiate Church, dedicated to the glory of God and to the honour of the two intrepid missionaries, SS. Peter and Wilfrid, and nestling around the sacred edifice the unpretentious dwellings of the clergy, brethren, students, and artisans in connection therewith. Observe the building next in importance to the Minster

standing a short distance to the north-westward of it,—that is the palace of Archbishop Aldred. And on all sides round see the numerous small garden plots and the squat structures of timber—the humble homes of the people standing alone therein, studding the green and sunny slopes that spring from the sedgy verge of the brooklet *Scell* “that babbles by.” Alas! how soon this peaceful Arcadian scene was to be totally swept away.

Ripon Spurs.

BY T. C. HESLINGTON.

THE particular date on which the manufacture of spurs, and other hardware necessary for an equestrian outfit, commenced in Ripon is not stated in the town records. Leland, journeying through Yorkshire in 1534, observed that there had been "hard on the further rype of Skelle a great number of tenters for woollen clothes wont to be made in the towne of Rippon, but idlenesse is sore increasid in the towne, and clothe making almost decayed." We may reasonably suppose no other manufacture was carried on at that time, or he would have noticed it, and therefore the period comprised between his visit and the year 1604, the date on which the corporation record commences, saw not only the beginning of the spur manufacture, but its attainment to great celebrity for excellent material and workmanship.

Hand-wrought steel and iron work had arrived at great perfection of artistic workmanship at

that time in Europe, and to be able to compete successfully with such trained craftsmen as were similarly employed elsewhere, reflects great credit upon those ancient Ripon tradesmen. No doubt their productions were in great demand when all journeys were on foot or horseback, and the breed of horses was as yet unimproved by the introduction of the spirited and generous-tempered Arabian. The heavy sluggish hacks of the period needed constant urging with whip and spur.

Amongst the many Ripon gilds, the hardware craftsmen were all united in one, called the Corporation and Company of Blacksmiths, Locksmiths, Lorimers, and Armourers.

The Ripon spurs had a great reputation all over the country, and became the origin of a proverbial saying, "As true steel as Ripon rowels," and Ben Johnson, in his "Staple of Newes," has :

"Why, there's an angel if my spurs
Be not right Rippon,"

and Davenant, in his "Wits," has :

"Whip me with wire beaded with rowels of
Sharp Rippon spurs."

When passing through Ripon in 1617, King James the First was presented with a gilt bowl,

and a pair of Ripon spurs, "Which spurres were such a contentment to his Majestie as his Highnesse did weare the same the followynge day at his departure forth of the said towne."

Plain steel spurs at one shilling, and wrought spurs at seven shillings and sixpence the pair, were most manufactured; those made of precious metals were generally for presentation purposes—some of the wrought spurs have been collected in the neighbourhood, and all have the same peculiar conventional device in silver, inlaid in the dark grey steel, with which the white silver pattern has a charming contrast and effect. A pair of these were presented to the Archbishop of York when he visited his Liberty of Ripon, and a pair of the plain ones to each of his retinue.

When Gent wrote his "History of Rippon" in 1732, the trade was still flourishing, but soon afterwards rapidly decayed. Alderman Terry, during a long life of ninety years, was three times Mayor of Ripon, and the last of the spurriers, the trade becoming extinct with his business transactions in the year 1798.

The Gild were over anxious to protect themselves, and with their fees, fines, and other exactions, deterred others from commencing the

business, and drove them elsewhere, and the trade finally left the town as the old firms died out.

The Corporation Chronicle mentions the names of some of the spurriers, but the majority of them are unrecorded, the only memorials of their skill being a "Motto," and the "Crest" of the City.

Captain Cook, the Circumnavigator.

BY W. H. BURNETT.

YORKSHIRE, as the premier English county, should reckon for something in the national history, even in the domain of prowess on the high seas. And we are not surprised when we find that it is so. The names of Frobisher, the Scoresbys, and Hornby naturally arise in the mind when we come to consider our naval annals. The former was born in Doncaster town in the far-away times of Elizabeth. We are told that he was "bred early to the sea," and he sailed from Deptford in 1576, having obtained the patronage of the Earl of Warwick, with three small vessels in quest of a north-west passage to India, then the darling dream of daring navigators. He did not find the passage, but he returned with some "black ore," which is said to have contained gold, so he was sent out again by his patrons for more "black ore," and more than one additional voyage was made in this strange auriferous quest, which in the end did not prove

successful. Later on, in 1585, we find him serving with Drake in the West Indies, and in 1588 he had a prominent share in the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The same year he was knighted, but he did not wear his honours long, for his death occurred in 1594, when he was killed in an assault on a fort near Brest. Frobisher was a great Yorkshireman in a time when men were not pigmies. In the days of good Queen Bess the foundations of our empire were being laid broad and deep, and our sea warriors were the providential instruments of guarding them from destruction at the hands of an hostile enemy, whose fleets were a "long lane" in the English Channel, almost covering it with ships.

The Scoresbys, father and son, were comparatively modern men. The elder was a mariner of Whitby in the last century, when Whitby was a famous port, and the great centre of the English whale fishery. He was the son of a small Yorkshire farmer, but became famous for his prowess in the northern seas. He invented the "round top-gallant crow's nest," said to be one of the greatest boons conferred on Arctic navigators. His son, subsequently the Rev. William Scoresby, followed in the same career, and

wrote a life of his father, in which he detailed his many and singular adventures. His works on the whale fishery are still highly valued, and are standards of reference for all who desire to make themselves acquainted with the marvels of the Polar Seas.

Other famous Yorkshire sailors are Captain Stonehouse, who was born at Yarm; Captain Wilson, of Great Ayton; Captain Constantine John Phipps, of Whitby; and Captain Hornby, of Stokesley. The exploits of these worthy gentlemen are described in "Old Cleveland," and to these, as duly therein set forth, I must refer the curious reader, remarking *en passant* that Hornby's bravery in an action with a French privateer, the *Marquis de Brancas*, is one of the most stirring stories of British naval heroism.

But Captain James Cook was the greatest Briton of them all. He was born of very **humble** parents, in the village of Marton-in-Cleveland, on the 27th of October, 1728, and was one of the nine children in the family quiver. These were not days of School Boards, and Cook's education was consequently of the most limited character, a smattering from a village dame, and then a

superstructure added by the master of a small seminary at the neighbouring village of Ayton-in-Cleveland. His character in childhood is described as having been obstinate and sturdy rather than social and intelligent. At thirteen years of age he had made such progress in his studies that he was considered qualified to take the position of an apprentice in the establishment of Mr. William Sanderson, a shop-keeper at Staithes, the most romantic of our Yorkshire fishing villages. Here he would inhale the "odour of ocean," would become familiar with many tales of the sea, and would have his ears saluted daily with that strange wave music which makes such an appeal to the intellectual and the imaginative. At any rate he found haberdashery a tame pursuit, and, before he had been with Mr. Sanderson two years, he was released from his indentures, and embarked on that calling by which he was to earn his future renown. He was bound apprentice on board the *True Love*, "belonging," according to the narrative of Sir Raylton Dixon, "to two Quaker brothers of the name of Walker, of Whitby, and who were shippers engaged in the coal trade, which has been the nursery and training school of so many

of our ablest seamen." Eventually Cook attained the position of master of a collier brig. In 1755 the war broke out with France, and the press-gang then in operation were seizing large numbers of sailors for enforced service in His Majesty's navy. Cook determined voluntarily to serve his country, and engaged himself on board the ship *Eagle*, of sixty guns. Here, so soon did his abilities manifest themselves, that when Captain Hugh Palliser (soon to be such a warm friend and benefactor) took command of the vessel only a few months later, he found Cook already distinguished by his good character and superior abilities. Four years afterwards the son of the Marton peasant obtained a master's warrant to *H.M.S. Mercury*, in which vessel he sailed to join the fleet engaged in the reduction of Quebec. Here he surveyed the river St. Lawrence, and replaced the buoys which had been removed by our French enemies. On his return, he was appointed master of the *Northumberland*, under Lord Colville, who was stationed at Halifax. Here he perfected his studies in navigation, and prepared himself for the great tasks of his after-life. In 1762, his ship was ordered to Newfoundland to assist in

the re-capture of that island, and once again he employed his skill and talents in making nautical surveys of the coast, "laying down bearings, marking headlands, and soundings." In 1762, we find him towards the close of the year in England, where he married at Barking, in



CAPTAIN COOK.

Essex, Miss Elizabeth Batts, who is described in his biographies as a truly amiable and excellent woman. Having completed his survey of Newfoundland, he entered upon the great career of his life as a circumnavigator and discoverer. In 1769, he was promoted to the

command of a scientific expedition which was sent out by George III., in conjunction with the Royal Society, to observe a transit of the planet Venus over the face of the sun, and which could only be successfully seen somewhere in the Pacific or the southern oceans. The *Endeavour* reached Otaheite on the 11th of April in the following year, where an observatory was erected, and on the 3rd of June the transit was successfully observed in a cloudless sky. They left the beautiful island—an earthly paradise—on the 13th of July, and on the way home Cook explored New Zealand and made discoveries in New South Wales, following the coast for a distance of over 1,300 miles. After many voyagings, and escaping many perils, Captain Cook brought his expedition safe home to England, and anchored in the Downs on the 11th of June, 1771. He was almost immediately promoted to the rank of Commander, and became the lion of the hour, and was everywhere received with ovations, and much talked of and written about. His second voyage of discovery was to test the existence of the *Terra Australis Incognita*, a geographical dream which had held possession of the scientific mind of Europe for over two

centuries. For this expedition he was furnished with two ships, the *Resolution* and the old *Endeavour*. The two vessels quitted Plymouth on the 13th of July, 1772. On the 10th of December they fell in with immense icebergs, and on the 14th the ships were stopped by a field of low ice. By the 17th of January, 1773, they found they could proceed no further, and after heading about until the 14th of May in rough and dangerous seas, Captain Cook came to the conclusion that the Southern continent was a myth, and made tracks for New Zealand, anchoring in Dusky Bay on the 26th of March, after having been 117 days at sea, and traversing 3,660 leagues without once seeing any land. At New Zealand they landed that historic boar and those two sows which have since filled the islands, hitherto almost innocent of animal life, with their numerous progeny. After leaving New Zealand, the expedition made for Otaheite for the second time, staying here until his crew became troublesome, and made alliances with the beautiful native women, which became demoralising and hampering. Cook next went in quest of the island of Juan Fernandez. He visited in turn Easter Island, the Marquesas, St.

Christina, and then came back again to Otaheite. Here they rested awhile, and then set sail westward to New Zealand, discovering many islands on the way. From thence he sailed for the Straits of Magellan, and thence to the Cape of Good Hope on his homeward journey. The *Resolution* ultimately entered Portsmouth on the 30th of July, 1775, and Captain Cook landed after an absence of three years and eighteen days, having sailed 20,000 leagues in various climates, in the two hemispheres, "from the extreme of heat to the extreme of cold." On the 10th of February, 1776, Cook was again commissioned for another voyage of discovery. He had offered his services to explore the Northern Seas with a view of discovering a north-west passage to India, and they were gladly accepted. In the undertaking he was but following in the footsteps of the famous Yorkshiremen, Frobisher and Phipps, who had preceded him. Cook was instructed to proceed into the South Pacific, and thence to try the passage by the way of Behring's Straits. He left England on the 12th of July, 1776. On the 24th of January in the following year they came in sight of Van Dieman's Land; in February they reached New Zealand. The Friendly Islands

were next visited by the ships, and here they remained three months. They next touched at Otaheite. On the 2nd of January, 1778, the *voyageurs* went northward to pursue their grand object in Behring's Straits. They continued to traverse the icy seas, exploring the coasts of America and Asia, but finding no passage through the ice barrier which blocked their progress. They therefore started on their homeward journey, discovering many new islands on the way. At length they reached Owhyhee (now spelt Hawaii), which was to be the final goal of the great captain's labours and discoveries. Here he was killed in a quarrel with the natives, who had seized the cutter of the *Discovery* as it lay at anchor. The record of his death is very affecting. This took place on the 14th February, 1779, in what a writer has described as "an inglorious brawl with a set of savages." Cook was one of the most illustrious of our English navigators, and was the greatest discoverer of them all. A medal was struck in his honour by the Royal Society, and the Government gave a handsome pension to his widow. Great empires are now growing up in the lands which he visited and discovered, and the steamship, the railway,

and the telegraph have drawn the different parts of the world so closely together that the mystery of distant places which charmed the imagination of the world in the last century no longer exists. A modern novelist, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, is actually "anchored" in Samoa, and writing stories there for the home market, and missionaries and traders swarm all over the beautiful islands of the Polynesian Seas.

Farnley Ball.

By J. A. CLAPHAM.

OF all the rivers of England, the Wharfe can claim to rank amongst the most charming and the most variable. Not contaminated like its sisters, the Aire and the Calder, with the refuse and dyewares of large towns, it flows on its course nearly as pure as when the Roman cohorts settled at Ilkley and the Saxons overran the country. Rising amongst the moors, it flows in a south-easterly direction until it falls into the Ouse at Cawood. In its early life it rushes through narrow defiles and by scenes vocal with legendary stories, as it passes Barden Tower, Bolton Abbey, and Beamsley Hall; but in its later course it flows calmly amidst well-cultivated meadows and a beautifully wooded country. Ruskin has told us in one of his wonderful sketches how finely the Wharfe looks when the clouds, having settled upon the mountains, and a few days' rain ensued, the *fresh* has come down the valley,

and the river, full to the brim, has appeared to the poet's eye like a Damascus blade. He says that the Swiss rivers, swollen and angry with the melting snows, are not to be compared to the Wharfe in flexibility, solidity, directness, and power. Those who were born upon its banks, who have seen it in a hot and dry summer, and also after a heavy storm; when the valley has appeared like a lake, and the people have had to flee for their lives, can appreciate its variable mood and constant change.

Where the dale opens out and the hills begin to recede, close to the market town of Otley, is the seat of the Fawkes, called Farnley Hall. Facing the south, upon a gentle slope which runs down to the river, it may indeed be said to be beautiful for situation.

Farnley is a Saxon name, and the village is called Fernelai in Domesday Book. The family of Fawkes lived here for many centuries, and the first mention of the name was in Easter term, 1289, when, in the reign of Edward I., damages were granted in favour of Falkes, who had been charged with others for cutting down woods at Lyndeleye. Mr. Wheeler, in his "Historic Mansions of Yorkshire," says that

in the time of the Plantagenets, Wharfedale was a grand hunting-ground from Nun Appleton to Barden, and no doubt the owners were strict game preservers, who punished with death those who were convicted of poaching. In 1300, a Fawkes of Lindley did homage to the Archbishop of York for his possessions. In 1441, John Fawkes was a leader who raised a tumult in opposition to the tolls demanded at the Ripon and Otley markets. In 1626, Mr. Thomas Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, was rated at £13 6s. 8d. as a loan to Charles I., when that tyrant was raising his illegal ship-money. In 1702, Ralph Thorsby, the eminent antiquary, mentions "Farnley Hall the pleasant seat of Thomas Fawkes, Esq., my dearest father's best friend and mine."

At the commencement of the present century the representative of the family took a most active part in the great struggle for peace, retrenchment, and reform. When the conflict was raging between the rival noble families of Fitzwilliam and Lascelles, the Fawkes stood up for the rights of the people, and spared neither exertion nor money to further the cause of justice, righteousness, and truth. To help the cause he spent at least £1,000 a day.

Walter Fawkes, the honoured patron of Turner, is one to whom the high privilege was granted of having recognised the talent of England's greatest landscape painter, when often by the careless and thoughtless his productions were laughed to scorn. In this picturesque old Hall, partly Elizabethan, with gabled roofs and transomed windows, and partly classical with the straight lines and square windows of Vanburgh, the celebrated architect of Castle Howard, Turner was ever a welcome guest. It is said the Hall contains £100,000 worth of his paintings. When the great painter had been on one of his travelling tours on the Rhine or in Switzerland, he returned to rest himself awhile by the side of the silver Wharfe, assured of a warm welcome and a liberal price for everything he chose to paint. The late Mr. Fawkes told the writer that he and Turner were one day watching from the terrace a storm that was passing across the brow of the Chevin, which rises so finely at the other side of the river. With a master's hand he drew the scene upon the back of an envelope, and to-day may be observed in the National Gallery the lightning flash, in "Hannibal crossing the Alps." The



FARNLEY HALL.

walls of Farnley are rich with the pictures and sketches which came from his wonderful mind and patient and industrious hand. "The Confluence of the Wharfe and Washburn," "The Strid," "Luncheon on the Moors," "Dort,"—a very fine picture, valued at least at £5,000,— "Waterfall seen from Bolton Abbey," and many more, are the titles of lovely landscapes which show the vitality and fertility of the great genius. After the death of Mr. Fawkes, Turner could never be induced again to visit the scenes he so much loved, and Ruskin tells us that in his old age he could never mention without emotion the rounded hills, the wooded heights, the clear streams, and the ruined abbey and castles of lovely Wharfedale. Besides the pictures of Turner there are many fine specimens of ancient and modern painters, Guido Reni, Corregio, Guercino, Lucas Van Leyden, Ruysdail, Cuyp, Rubens, Vandyke, Velasquez, Holbein, Carlo Dolei, Greuze, Annibale Carvacci, Bakhuizen, Hogarth, Romney, are all represented on the walls. The late Mr. Fawkes was especially fond of the Magdalen by Guido Reni, and used to spend hours in his wheeled chair gazing with rapture upon the picture.

But not only is Farnley Hall rich with priceless gems of some of our greatest English and Continental masters, but many of the heroes of the seventeenth century are represented here in weapons of war and articles of dress. The Fairfaxes, who lived at Denton, Nun Appleton, Newton Kyme, and Bilbrough, and who fought in many a fierce conflict in Yorkshire and elsewhere,—Oliver Cromwell, who gave peace to Ireland, and nobly defended England against all her enemies, domestic and foreign,—General Lambert, who, through the intercession of Richard Clapham, spared Skipton Castle from destruction, are all remembered by their swords, watches, candlesticks, chains, hats, armour, and a seal of the Commonwealth.

The collection of old furniture is well worthy of notice, and is far superior to the wretched Georgian examples, which are well worthy of the age of mediocrity, pretence, and falseness in which they were fashioned. Covering marble with plaster, and frescoes with white-wash, harmonized with the times of the Stuarts and the Georges.

The present possessor of Farnley Hall is Mr. Ayscough Fawkes, who upon written application

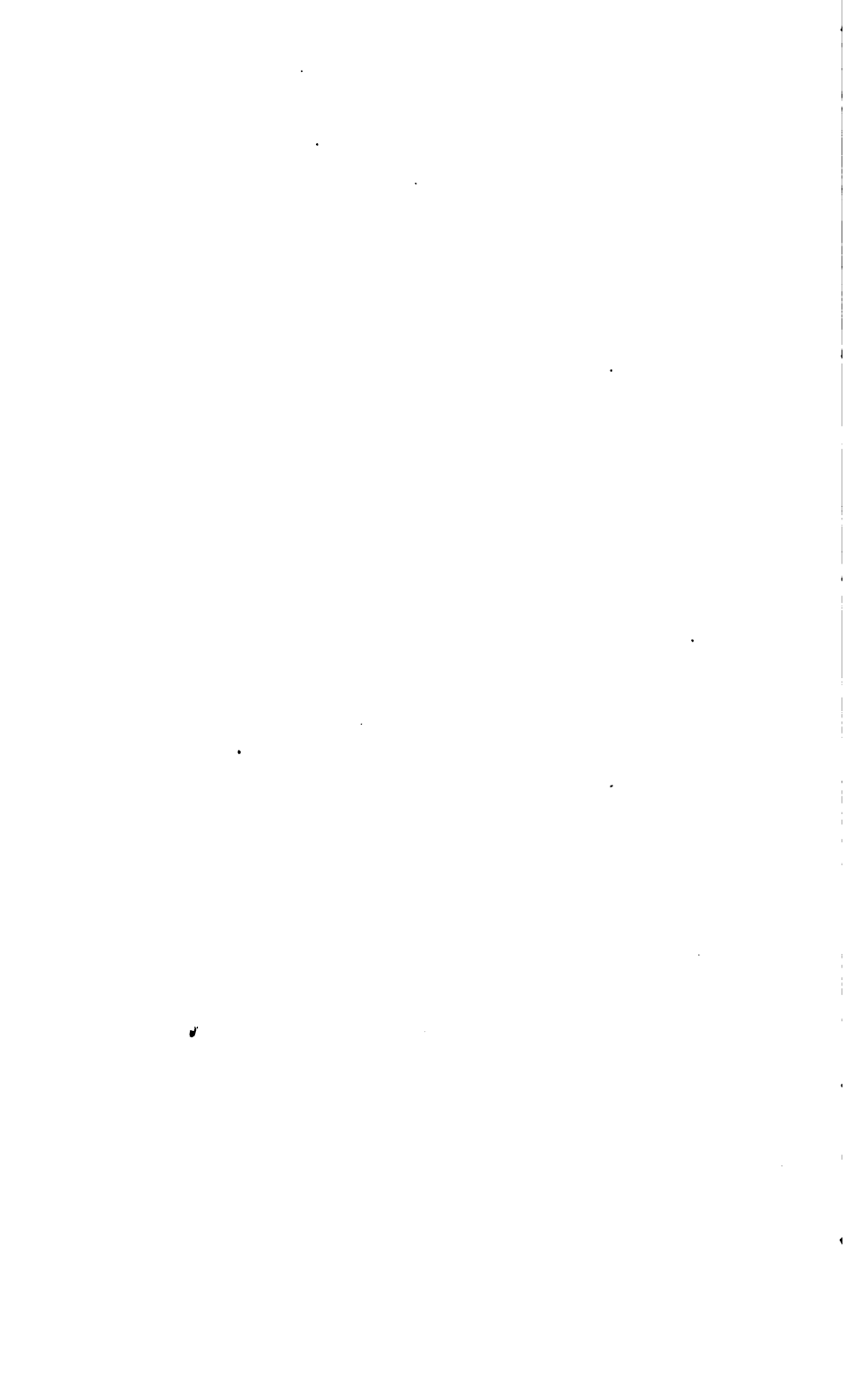
is always ready to show his treasures to the historian and the antiquary. He does not make it a show place for the tripper, who too often leaves behind broken bottles, scraps of newspapers, and other litter where his desecrating footprints are seen. But to the intelligent, the artist, the reader, the lover of natural scenery, whether he be as poor as a dormouse or as rich as Cræsus, a cordial welcome is given, believing that he will do his best to preserve that which is worthy of all admiration.

In the exterior, the gateway leading into the flower garden came from Menstone Hall, where Cromwell was the guest of Colonel Charles Fairfax before the battle of Marston Moor. Farnley Church, a plain building erected in the thirteenth century, was restored by Mr. F. H. Fawkes in 1851. Whitaker thus describes it in his day: "About half a mile above (an unusual distance from the Manor House) is the diminutive and antique chapel, of which only the choir remains. At the west end is the original arch of the choir, with fillet mouldings of the twelfth century. After the first nave was demolished, the choir underwent an enlargement eastwards, but even this has single and narrow windows not later than

the time of Henry III. It is seldom that we see such appearance of high antiquity, at least in the North of England, attached to such humble foundations. It is in the strict and canonical sense of the word a chapel-of-ease to Otley; for here is no font and there are no interments." Since this was written the restorer and his wife have been laid at rest within the sacred enclosure. Leathley Church, which has a tower which many consider to be Saxon, is a living in the gift of the Fawkes family.

Taking it as a whole, its charming situation, its artistic associations, its picturesque appearance, and its historical and legendary annals, few places in the county, rich in antiquarian lore, can vie with Farnley Hall.





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